

September
2000

SLUG

ALWAYS
FREE

M a g a z i n e



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**Employee
of the
Month
His Honor Rocky Anderson**



SALT CITY CD'S
THE MUSIC EXPERIENCE

878 east 900 south salt lake city

Nice Rack for a Democrat!

SLUG Magazine

September 2000

Volume 12 • Issue 9 • #141

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Dear Dickheads:

I've just come to the conclusion that there are too many fakes in this town. There are several local bands who claim to be hip-hop/rap. What is that? Just because someone raps over heavy music or funk music doesn't mean they are hip-hop. They must learn the flows and delivery of a true hip-hop artist and also the structure of the beats and rhythms. I've seen many bands try to pull off this sound with no knowledge of these required elements.

In my opinion there's only two local bands that are even close in this genre. Not only are they recognized on a local level but on a national one as well. The *Source Magazine* and hip-hop radio stations across the country have talked about, reviewed and played music from both of these bands. And they have gotten the credit and good reputation that they deserve. VELL-KRO and THE NUMBS. I've seen the Numbs open for several great hip-hop acts. And the singer from Vell-Kro has been in several freestyle rap competitions. I'd like to see how some of these other so-called rappers would do in that type of environment. The art of hip-hop is not represented by bands like Chola. This band is a joke in the hip-hop scene and they don't even realize it. If you want some real representation then go and support THE NUMBS AND VELL-KRO, Salt Lake's only hip-hop bands!!!!

Richard Cabeza

richcabeza@hotmail.com

(ed. note: Shamless local band plug #143.)

dear dickheads,

i don't know why i am telling you this, but i just found out this neat little idea someone that showed up one day. I've since tried it and am very happy to say it works. very well in fact.

See, a pal-o-mine (let's call him Dorkus) and i were road-tripping one fine summer morn, and he said he had to stop and make a long distance fone call. i figured he must have a card and i askem him if i could use about 4 minutes of it to call my girlfriend and let her know i was ok. Dorkus proceeded to tell me about and demonstrate something called a "RED BOX."

i watched as he dialed the #, waited until we heard the recording say "please deposit \$4.80 for the next 3 minutes." Then i saw him turn on a Rat Shack 33 memory tone dialer, flip a taped on switch, and hit one of the priority buttons. a series of chirps was fed into the mouthpiece and the recording came back and said "thank you for using AT&T. you have twenty

cents credit towards over-time." Dorkus laughed his ass off.

Well this little demonstration fired me up like a dog doused in kerosene and thrown into a barbecue! since that wonderfull 45 minutes of free long distance, ive searched for new, but simple, ways for me to take back some of those ridiculous fees ive been charged for hook-ups and disconnections and added "services" and such. I've found ways to use the power coming thru the phone line to run my computer, my amplifier, and a host of other devices. i've also found a way to cheat the power company out of their money too, but i don't want to do that: they aren't as evil as USWEST/QWEST (or whatever Ma Bell wants to call herself these days).

like i said. i really dont know why im telling you this, except that you might want to do it too. i know of lots of other people now who have done this sort of stuff. i hope you all keep up the cool work you do at slug (inspite of the editorial change).

TTFN

Squid Loser

(ed. note: Wow. What an interesting letter! Here are some more ideas on ways for you to save money. Instead of paying for sex, like you most likely do, why not stiff the prostitute you picked up on State by knocking her/him on the head with a baseball bat. Or, instead of paying for groceries at Smiths, run through the store stealing everything you need (the world owes it to you--remember?). Also, cover your license plate, pump your gas and speed off. If it's not Pre-Pay, it must be free. So, thanks for your advice, I'll make sure to Cheat and Steal my way through life all thanks to Squid Loser. LOL TTFN BRB JERK)

Dear Dickheads,

Bat farming (ed. note: Our readers have the worst handwriting. This guy, if he isn't a bat farmer, may be a Bud Farmer or Bed Ranger. One thing he definitely isn't is a Calligrapher) brought me from Madison to SLC this summer. Thanks to SLUG, I managed to find all sort of cool shit in Utah that I thought the Mormons would have suppressed years ago. Keep fighting the good fight, dickheads!

Sincerely,

R. Dextehaan Mordangel
P.S. Phil Jacobsen kicks ass!
Utah's own Onion!

Dear Dickheads,

I am a Rock Star and I don't hear the little people anymore. Would you like to see the rider for a Thunderfist show?

1 Case Evian water w/lemon

wedges (not slices) stuck in neck of the bottles. Chilled, and just a drop of honey.

32 cases of Budweiser bottles

1 box Topps baseball trading cards (NO JOSE CANSECOS or JOEY MORAS)

2 lbs. toast made with white Wonder Bread

3 lbs. Strawberry Smuckers preserves spread evenly across all of the toast.

2 boxes of tin foil (extra heavy)

1 live chicken

2 bottles of astroglide lubricant

100 individually wrapped colored condoms.

7 copies of the latest issue of Hustler, Chic, and Barely Legal magazines

200 acorns

and last but not least

7 polaroid pictures of the Eiffel Tower

If any specific item is missing, NO THUNDERFIST FOR YOU!!

—Jeremy Cardenas
(ed. note: Astroglide and 200 Acorns? I definitely must party with you guys)

Dear Dickheads:

Help me! Help Me! yes...it's true. I'm desperate. I moved to Boston from the ever popular and ever boring state of Utah, where my only haven from the mormon threat was your glorious magazine and online porn. My only copy of the "Guns Gals and Glory" was thrown away along with that great article. Could you PLEASE email me a copy of it or post it on your web page. I mean, how am I supposed to laugh at the pathetic antics of the mormon dictatorship without your glorious magazine? Especially when I can't read any of it online! Well...thanks for your help.

Bored in Boston

or just brad

(ed. note: Thanks for moving. Don't come back.)

Letter From a Friend

(A New Column)

Admit it: You're a voyeur. You watched every episode of Survivor and wished you lived in Big Brother's house. At Slug, we can't set you up with your own web cam, but, we can let you read our mail. This letter was sent to Phil from his friend Mary.

Next month, we want to read your mail. So send us your letters, from friends and family, forward us your email. Let us be privy to your private thoughts.

Dear Phil:

Last night I gave myself a haircut. It looks all right, it may need some fixing. I cut the sides and back but left my long bang part only because it's the longest part of my hair and I'm attached

to that the way people with long hair are attached to their long glorious (or not-so-glorious) locks.

I decided that that's why most men and lesbians live care-free—they have the ability to cut their hair, shave it, grow it a little, cut it—viola! Any way you look at it, it's a non-committal process. But does that mean that the metal hair guys are unafraid of commitment? Yes and No. They are probably unafraid of their commitment to other guys with metal manes and an instilled passion for KISS. Look how pansy Metallica's music has gotten since they cut their hessian heads of hair. Look at what happened to Samson.

My friend Heidi makes jokes about being unable to have "dates" for more than four months. My current boss and most of the time friend Michael hasn't ever had a relationship for more than six months. Heidi has been on the dating circuit for about six or seven years. Michael has been on the circuit for about 12 years. Both of them have short hair.

For me and my current haircut though, is when it gets to shoulder length it's hard. More options but with those options come more hassle. More hair products, more hair in your face while you drive, more accessories, barrettes, elastics, ponytail ball thingys that look "cute." Headbands, hair spray, gel, mousse, bobby pins (do you know how bad bobby pins are—for your TEETH?) hair ties. Hair. Hair. Hair.

The more I write this the more satisfied I am with my spontaneous decision to chop. No commitment.

I moved into a new place with new people so naturally I shed my hair to commemorate the occasion. It's not uncommon for people to cut hair after breaking up.

Wow. If that wasn't a rant. I don't know what was/is.

I hope you like the tape,

Love
Mary



WHAT? A GIRL? HOW DID SHE BECOME THE EDITOR OF MY FAVORITE DIRT MAG? A LETTER FROM THE FIRST LADY OF SLUG

FELLOW SLUG READERS:

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE SHOCKED TO FIND OUT GIANNI IS NO LONGER THE EDITOR OF SLUG, LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM NO STRANGER TO SLUG MAGAZINE. I HAVE BEEN THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THIS PAPER FOR TWO LONG YEARS NOW- PUTTING IN EXTRA TIME TO COORDINATE EVENTS LIKE LAST YEARS' SABBATHON BENEFIT SHOW AND THE SLUG COMPILATION CD. IT HAS BEEN A HELL OF A LOT OF WORK, AND ONE HELL OF A GOOD TIME. WHILE I AM PERSONALLY SAD TO SEE THE REIGN OF GIANNI COME TO AN END, I AM ALSO EXCITED TO BECOME THE THIRD EDITOR OF THIS PAPER.

I WAS BORN AND BRED IN THIS FINE LAND OF ZION AND SLUG WAS A HUGE PART OF MY YOUTH. IT WAS THE VOICE OF THE UNDERGROUND: EDUCATING MY FRIENDS AND ME ABOUT THE MUSIC AND LIFESTYLE THAT WAS INTERESTING TO US. THROUGH SLUG, WE LEARNED WHY IT WAS IMPORTANT TO SUPPORT INDEPENDENT RECORD STORES, ATTEND SHOWS, AND VOICE OUR OPINIONS. WE LEARNED HOW TO LAUGH AT OURSELVES WHILE LIVING IN THIS CRAZY UTAH CULTURE.

"WHERE DO YOU PLAN ON TAKING SLUG?" LET'S JUST SAY WE HAVE SEVERAL EXCITING SURPRISES IN STORE FOR YOU. YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED. AND WHAT IF YOU ARE? WELL,

THAT'S WHY WE HAVE PAGE 3. "DEAR DICKHEADS..."

THIS MONTHS' COVER STORY GIVES RECOGNITION TO GENTRY DENSLEY- A LOCAL MUSICIAN WHO HAS ACHIEVED NATIONAL ACCLAIM. ALTHOUGH I HAVE NOT KNOWN GENTRY UNTIL RECENTLY, I HAVE WATCHED HIM AND HIS PROJECTS FOR SOME TIME. HE HAS WORKED HARD TO STAY TRUE TO HIS MUSIC: CONTINUALLY STRIVING FOR NEW WAYS TO TRANSLATE HIS IDEAS INTO A SONIC ART FORM. HE IS AN ARTIST UNAFRAID TO WORK HARD, AND WITH THAT ATTITUDE, I BELIEVE HE WILL GO FAR. IF YOU HAVE NOT YET EXPERIENCED ONE OF HIS MANY PROJECTS, NOW IS YOUR CHANCE.

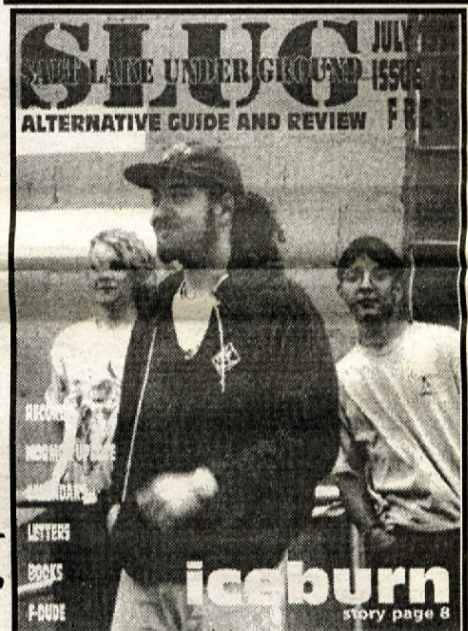
GIOTORCHESTRA WILL BE PLAYING KILBY COURT SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 2000. IT'S ALL AGES!

SLUG MAGAZINE HAS LASTED ELEVEN YEARS FOR ONE REASON- YOU KEEP READING IT.

THANKS FOR
YOUR SUPPORT.

-ANGELA H. BROWN &
THE LOSERS AT PLANET
SLUG

Does this old cover look familiar?
It's from July 1991. Stay tuned for
our new web site featuring the
back issues of SLUG. That's right,
all eleven years!



Cheating?
Think Twice!



UnLucky
Boys

will be playing @ The
Zephyr* 9/26/00
9/6, 9/7 @ Burt's*
w/ DEADBOLT

*a private CLub for members

J CHURCH
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LP/CD

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LP/CD

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www.honestdons.com



After several heated negotiations with the new SLUG Boss I have a new contract and a new secretary... whoo-hoo! Some hot little Austrian babe named Vikka. See what holding out will do for you?

GHOST DOG

Ghost Dog is written and directed by the King of Indy film makers Jim Jarmusch, ("Down by Law," "Night on Earth," and "Dead Man,"), and stars one of my favorite actors, Forest Whitaker, who studies and lives the way of the ancient Samurai warriors while working as a lower level mobster guy. Great show. Very funny and great performance by Whitaker.

BOILER ROOM

Giovanni Ribisi is starting to get really good at his day job. He plays a guy who drops out of Queens College and opens a casino in his house. He meets some high

ticket shmoozers (Ben Affleck) and goes to work as a broker. Pretty entertaining, and worth a watch.

THE TALENTED MR. RIPLEY

Mr. Ripley tries to be a thriller, but it is more a study of compulsive lying, the deceitful nature of charm, and the turmoil of having no identity. Great scenes in Italy and some cool jazz stuff but mostly you keep waiting for the big thing to happen and it never does. Matt Damon & whatshername star...

THE HURRICANE

This film tells the story (kind of) of Rubin "Hurricane" Carter. Boxer/Hero? This is a great show and Denzel is awesome. The truth is Carter did almost 20 years in prison for a crime he didn't commit, and was released after much intervention from several people. The lie is that he was a great boxer. He was 7-7-1. That is hardly even good by boxing standards. In fact people would have called him a bum with that record. Great movie, but far from a true story.

MAGNOLIA

Ripley's Believe It Or Not, coincidence has played a part in three bizarre deaths during the past century... This could be the biggest piece of shit movie I have ever seen, but there was that Showgirls thing a couple years back...

ROMEO MUST DIE

Hire MTV to do an hour and a half long gangsta rap video starring Martial Arts wiz Jet Li and you will have this movie. Of course you can rent it for three bucks and that would be cheaper now wouldn't it?

ERIN BROCKOVICH

Erin Brockovich is a good show. It is the true story of the woman who cost Pacific Gas & Electric Co. a ton of cash when they served poisoned water to the state of California. That being said, this movie should have been called "How Many Boob Shots Can We Get Julia Roberts In." So if you want to see Julia dressed in many skimpy outfits like the ones shown here, this is the movie for you. I have been kind enough to include a visual pointer so as to make it easier to spot Julia's breasts, just in case you missed them.

As a bonus, see the movie because the story really happened.

—Mr. Pink



What's Up

With

GEORGE?

Can't Keep up with the Joneses? Then lower your aim, and try keeping up with George.

this month I :

got scolded

got a puncture wound

got a tetanus shot

slept till 3

built a rhino trap

crashed a train

felt weird

tried to be nice

chose brown and smelly

wished he would just stop talking

After 20 Years

FreeWheeler

Still the Preferred Pie

"I get HIGH from FreeWheeler Pie !!!"

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only cool people
only cool music
no cover ever

7
2
6
South
state



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SICK & TWISTED
ANIMATION**



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TOWER THEATER
SEPTEMBER 22-23
376 East 900 South INFO: (801) 321-0310
(\$7.00) (18 & OVER)



20 BRAND NEW FILMS

with your host
Kevlar7

LAME ASSES Concert Previews

To start this month off I want everyone who reads this article to boycott Burger King for their hideous selling of N'Sync and other soda pop stars discs.

This shameful thrusting of shitty music onto the masses, who are just seeking a quick greasy hamburger to ward off the hunger pangs, is the lowest of the low and is enough to make people lose their lunch. Second, the best show last month was a tie between **Murder City Devils** and **Avail**. If you missed the bombastic performance of openers **Leatherface** at the Avail show then you are, indeed, a punk rock loser. Third, I've returned to the land of stress, homework, and higher learning: So, if you're pissed because I left your bands show out, and your band doesn't actually suck, then email me at Kevlar7@hotmail.com and let me know about the rawkn ana rollin'; got it? All right, time to pour a glass of Bourbon and water and launch into this month's review. There is a lot of good shit this month; most of it crammed together in one week. For those students like myself, make sure to do your homework early before the shows and drink conservatively. (Guzzle liquor heavily earlier, then take aspirin and consume lots of water; good cure for a hangover.)

The first thing you want to pencil into your day planner isn't really a music show, but on the 5th through the 21st, check out **Spike and Mike's Festival of Sick and Twisted Animation** at **Brewvies**. This is an ideal location to see this series of animated shorts, because you can drink yourself stupid and laugh your ass, literally, off. I went to this show last year and I'm still hurting in the ribs from how hard I laughed at all the sick shit that made up the festival. Bring a ton of friends and a hanky for the tears of laughter.

The 6th and 7th brings to **Burts Tiki Lounge** the return of **Deadbolt**; the scariest band in the world. Playing surfer greaser rock, **Deadbolt** is a band that demands attention with their creepy narration of dark and dreadful things that happen to those who tempt fate; or get in the way of truck drivers, Tiki God's, and personal members of the band: Consume tons of alcohol, and attend if you dare!! (As a note, free music to anyone who emails me proof that they beat up preppy jerks that were there to just cause trouble and be a dick to anyone not like them.)


Everyone who reads this magazine had better be at the **Deadbolt** show the first night and on the 7th at the **Spreadeagle** and **Split Lip Rayfield** show at **Liquid Joe's**. **Spreadeagle** is a band made up of three girls and one guy, who play greasy hotrod rock n' roll. Their disc is noisy and has a lot of snarl emanating from the mouth of their lead vocalist who can take her voice to places that soda pop stars wouldn't dream of trying.

For those who like music that is "jamm'n" and "spiritual" while they smoke tons of bong hits, there is **Burning Spear** at the **Zephyr** also on the 7th. Be prepared for rug burns from all the dreadlocks rubbing against bare skin. Ouchh!

Last month, **SLUG** interviewed **Modest Mouse** and warned readers of the groups building of a better trap to entangle listeners into. On the 8th at **Bricks**, the band unleashes its devious plan. Bring the cheese and have fun; expect to see yours truly tangled up down front.

The rockabilly show to check out for September is on the 8th at the **Zephyr**. The band is **The Paladins** and they have a very good sound. Best plan for the night; check out the Mouse, then stumble down to the **Zephyr** to perform the drunken swagger and pummel swing dancers that get in the way.

The 9th has three really good shows that need to be decided between. A little bit of



**ALL Play the
Punk O Rama Tour
10/2 @ Brick's**

everything for everyone; there is **Man or Astro Man?** at **Liquid Joe's**, playing tripped out spacey surf rock, **The Get-Up Kids** at **DV8**, doing passionate indie rock; and **Moby** at **Kingsbury Hall**, performing techno laden guitar fusion that escapes all forms of interpretation by words alone. All of these shows will be great, the hard part is choosing between them. Best bet, chose two and then flip a quarter; good luck.

The 11th brings to **DV8** one of the craziest bands in the indie world to our town. The last time **At the Drive In** played, they tore up the senses of the crowd and left them speechless. The most vivid memory, is that of the afro boy that is their lead singer hanging from the rafters, screaming his head off, while the remaining band members pummeled their instruments into a tortured wail that shook the roof of **DV8**; very killer stuff that I think everyone will enjoy. Check it out or remain musically ignorant.

Alice Cooper!! At the **E-Center** on the 12th. Old school and new will be in attendance. Laugh at the big hair West Valley people! Be shocked at Mister Cooper's spooky theatrics! Be stunned at the rambunctious antics of the Coop's wild performance! Cry, at the over priced tickets! Tantalize at another .killer show for the month of September! "Two thumbs up!" says rock critic **Kevlar7**, "A must for everyone!"

Sometimes shitty hippie jam bands come to their senses and realize that they've been playing crap and decide to try their hands at writing real music that has talent and tons of musical thought process in it. Now, I don't know if this is true for **Sister 7**, but they have

definitely left behind the jam influence and are trying to write something different, whether their new sound is actually any good will remain to be seen when they perform at the **Zephyr** on the 12th. Those who don't attend the Coop are instructed to go to this show. E-mail me and let me know how great or shitty this band is. I will print the results next issue.

Avoid **Runaway Truck Ramp** on the 16th and **Govt Mule** on the 17th, both at the **Zephyr**, at all costs. Unless you like boring hippie crap that lulls the senses to sleep and causes uncontrollable vomiting; stay home and actually do homework.

Great Blues show at the **Dead Goat Saloon** on the 18th. The artist is **Long John Hunter** and he is a very old school musician. His disc kicks ass and definitely gets the party going. He also has a disc that he recorded with blues legends **Lonnie Brooks** and **Phillip Walker** under the group name **Lone Star Shootout**. Open your minds, experience new stuff, and check it out.

Attention!! The best show of September is on the 20th at **DV8**. The bands are **Face to Face**, **Alkaline Trio**, and **New Found Glory**. All these bands are great. **New Found Glory** is killer, imagine **Jimmy Eat World** sped up and that's what the bands sound is like. Very good stuff, their disc is great and worth tons of praise. **Alkaline Trio** kicks ass, playing noisy melodic indie rock that brings listeners to tears and smiles while shaking the fists and stomping the feet. **Face to Face** doesn't really need much to be said about them. Most people know who they are. Although, if you want something to chew on, the new disc "Reactionary" is a return to their punk roots and kind of distances themselves from their last, "Ignorance is Bliss". Personally, I liked that last disc, but a lot of other fans were disappointed. So, in response, the band has recorded and put out one of their best albums. Check this show out, fan or not, it will be the best of the best for this month. Warning: Get tickets early, this show will sell out.

One of the best new bands, with members that have been in other groups, (**Jawbreaker**, **Handsome**, **Iceburn**, and **Texas is the Reason**), is **Jets to Brazil** and they are coming to town on the 25th at **DV8**. Attendance is highly encouraged, since **Jets** is one of best live bands that always plays with intense passion and fire while interacting with the entranced audience. Be there at all costs.

Another show worth writing about is the personal favorite local band that is always a good drunken time full of drunken swagger and abusive language; **The Unlucky Boys** at the **Zephyr** on the 26th. If you haven't experienced the U-Boys, or the mighty **Doublewide** yet, get up off your can, go out and check the best that this city has to offer musically. Tell 'em **Kevlar7** sent yah.

Sorry Kids, but Halloween is going to be a let down this year. Instead of Boo! it's going to be a big boo, hoo. Why? Because with **Punk O Rama** coming to town. The scariest day for the month of October will be the second. That's when **VooDoo Glow Skulls**, **Agnostic Front**, **Straightfaced** and **All land** at **Bricks**. These bands will put a sheet over your head, and beat the ever loving Bit O'Honey out of your candied-ass. Trick or Treat, my little pretty.

That's it kiddies, another stupendous Preview worthy of great praise, fame, and fortune! (Paycheck please!) Enjoy the shows and don't forget to do your homework; education is the key to true power. However, Bourbon can make you into Superman; and that ladies and gentlemen is real power. Fuck y'all very much! URPPH!

modus operandi

industrial
written by j.cameron electro
ebm

First there was **Front Line Assembly**. Then there was **Haujobb**. Now added to the shows that Salt Lake has been taunted with and then thrown into rejection is **Apoptogyma Berkzerk** and **VNV Nation**. The show was scheduled for September the 20th, and for some reason or another the show has been ripped from our grasp and given to Denver for the 19th. I have little hope left of ever seeing a show here again. On a better note, there are loads of recordings in the works that are planned for release this fall. The European label **Bloodline** will be releasing its first compilation titled *Clubline Volume 1*, including tracks from **Funker Vogt**, **XPQ 21**, **In Strict Confidence**, along with many other of the biggest club hits released by the label during its first 6 months of existence. **Metropolis Records** will be releasing *Critical Mass*, a budget sampler that they're marketing for people that aren't necessarily into the scene but want to be and need a starting point. Tracks include "Horizon", the bonus track from **Funker Vogt's** import digi-pack version of *Maschine Zeit*; **VNV Nation's** "Rubicon"; and **Front Line Assembly's** "Retribution". (Is it just me or does that song end up on every compilation?) **Wumpscut's** *Music for a Slaughtering Tribe* will be out of print soon. In it's place **Metropolis** will release a domestic version of *Music for a Slaughtering Tribe Volume II*, which has been available as an import for some time now. It's a double disc digi-pack scheduled for release on Halloween. Halloween will also hail the new **Decoded Feedback** album *Mechanical Horizon*, and **Suicide Commando's** *Mind Strip*.

My top 10 list has been requested once or twice. The top 10 songs I can't seem to get enough of lately. The top 10 songs that I think make music worth listening to. The songs that justify the most serious addiction of all. So here it is, in no particular order:

Velvet Acid Christ - "Icon"
Funker Vogt - "The Last"
Numb - "Closer"
Diary of Dreams - "Babylon"
Cleaner - "Neuromancer"
Haujobb - "Dream Aid"
Chemlab - Blunt Force Trauma"
Pulse Legion - "Release"
Carbon 12 - "Puncturing"
VNV Nation - "Darkangel."

Juno Reactor Shango **Metropolis Records**

To be completely honest, I haven't been exposed to much **Juno Reactor**. They have quite the history in the trance scene and have contributed songs to at least five movie soundtracks, including *Virtuosity* and *Mortal Kombat*. They are one of **Metropolis Records'** latest signings and *Shango*, named after the Nigerian God of Thunder, is **Juno Reactor's** first release for the label. The album explores many myths and legends from different ancient cultures. The album's first track, "Pistolero", is

enough to make you stop and think to yourself, "Who would'a thought of that?" It starts out with an old time *desperado*-style nylon string guitar riff then breaks into the trademark **Juno Reactor** break beats, complete with samples *en espanol* that I found rather humorous. I don't know why they chose that track to be the first single since "Masters of the Universe" is much cooler and a lot more club friendly. "Insects", a little more of an ambient number, would also be a good candidate. The whole album is packed with excellent samples and break-beats and has a very original feel. Release date is October 17th. May your anxiety eat away at the lining of your stomach for weeks to come.

Damage Manual Damage Manual **Invisible Records**

Okay, I was a little harsh on **Damage Manual's** EP. The full length self-titled album will be in stores September 25th and is much better than the material previously released. The marketing scheme for this album had to have been a difficult call. A handful of bad songs, a handful of good songs, what do you do? Do you first release an EP full of the bad cuts so that when the full length comes out people are overwhelmed by the good songs (and run the risk that many music buyers may not even get that far after the not-so-impressive material initially released?) Or do you release all the good cuts on the EP so people totally dig it, and are disappointed when the not so good stuff is released on the full length? Not exactly a good situation to find yourself in. Anyhow, **Damage Manual** went with Plan A and the results are amazing. If you heard the EP and didn't like what you heard, then you've found yourself in the same situation that I found myself in. The new full length is awesome. Kudos to **Damage Manual**, and we may even be seeing them on tour later this year.

Funker Vogt Maschine Zeit **Metropolis Records**

Okay, I know the album has been out for months now. And, yes, I am fully aware that I have already reviewed it, but I have deemed it necessary to re-review it. Why? Because over the past couple of months I've been drilling the album into my brain and I didn't nearly give it enough credit from the start. Overall, the album is by far the best **Funker Vogt** have released and BY FAR the best album released so far this year. There is not a song on there that I don't like. There's the classic, typical **Funker Vogt** sound in songs like "Sins", and "Gunman", but many more styles, vocally and musically, are explored in the rest of the tracks. "Nuclear Winter" is a display of **Funker Vogt's** morbid ambiance, while "The Last" is totally different from anything they've ever recorded. I am completely hooked on this album. If you don't own it you should be bludgeoned.

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Slug Indie Spotlight

by brian staker

Tiger Style Records was formed in 1999 as the recording label arm of **Insound.com**, one of the best music sites on the web, with a copious selection of zines, reviews, mp3s, videos, chat with indie rock groups, musician's resources, and more. Insound.com had already released some limited edition "tour support" CDs of groups like **the Letter E** and **Tristeza**, but they wanted to institute a full-blown label.

"Insound.com, the parent company, wanted to start a label as a counterpart to their site, an offline presence," says founder Mike Treff. Thus the Tiger was let out of the tank on December 1, 1999, with their first release by **the Letter E**, comprised of former members of **June of 44**.

"Musically, we're not genre-specific. We've got some sweet pop, like **Ida** and the **Lilys**, and some heavier, harder stuff," explains Treff. "We just look for certain dedicated musicians who share our philosophy. We've tried to develop a core group of artists, and we believe the longer you work with a group as a label, the better you develop a relationship, and we look for bands who are serious about music, and committed to make it their career."

In a world in which almost everyone, even "non-musicians" have CDs out simply because they can, it's apparent that musicians on the Tiger Style roster are very conscious of the sound of their recordings, and take pains to shape their music before it hits your CD player.

"Our bands are very meticulous, and try to capture and represent very carefully what they are trying to express," says Treff.

Ida and **Libraness**, the solo project by **Ash Bowie**, ex-**Polvo** and **Helium**, Treff says both were very painstaking in mixing and mastering their new releases to get the exact sound they wanted.

"Ash Bowie scrutinized his songs very closely in mixing, although they had been recorded at home," explains Treff. "His album was eight years in the making. **The Lilys**, and **Aspera Ad Astra**, as well as **the Letter E**, were more

impromptu."

Other recent releases include the spacey shoegazing of **Her Space Holiday's** double CD, *Home Is Where You Hang Yourself*, with the second disc including remixes of songs by **Aspera Ad Astra**, **Bright Eyes**, **Novasonic Down**, **Hyperspace**, **Micromars**, **Duster**, and others. The most overtly pop release on the label is **The Lilys'** split release with **Aspera Ad Astra**, although the former's music isn't commonplace pop, but merges mellow vocal harmonies with guitars that range from subtly soft to fuzz-ridden and jagged.

The label's flagship release, *Will You Find Me*, is a showcase of the singer/songwriter's art, with songs like "Down On Your Back" and "Past the Past" creating subtle, instrumentally stripped-down vignettes of recollections of love both weary and wistful. Pain was never this beautiful. You might not realize until you look at the credits how fully orchestrated this recording is, including the group's namesake **Ida Pearle** on violin, noted solo artist **Tara Jane O'Neil** on melodica and no less than **Bernie Worrell** on Wurlitzer and Moog. **The Letter E** might stand for "exponential notation" in the lingo of instrumental math rock on their newest, *No. Five Long Player*. **Tristeza** was an odd choice to open up for **Guided By Voices** on their recent visit this April, and their instrumental soundscapes on *Dream Signals in Full Circles* deserve to be heard in an arena where they're not likely to be overshadowed.

The Mercury Program's CD, *From the Vapor of Gasoline*, adds a jazzy tinge to the label.

Last but not least, **Libraness**, *Yesterday and Tomorrow's Shells*. I can't rave enough about this album. It's definitely "difficult listening," but well worth the effort. It's like a spaced-out meeting of **Sonic Youth**, **Pink Floyd** and **Pavement** all in some basement where the 60's, 80's and 90's all commingle into a time warp. Straight from the

tigerstyle

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"Intro," composed of weird background noises and **Ash Bowie** incanting "yesterday" and "tomorrow" over and over it's experimental cinema for the ears. "Face On Backwards" has a killer riff, sounds like a cool plea for do-it-yourself plastic surgery, and the drum sounds like hitting a lead pipe. "You Are My Foreign Film" is a slice of hippie primitive, with its off-beat time signature, mistuned flutes and vocals coming in from a million miles away. "Deformed Bridges" sounds the most Sonic, and the title itself is an apt description of the whole album. To cop a line from **the Jazz Butchers**, he knows where **Syd Barrett** lives.

Strangely beautiful guitar lines illuminate the entire album. The album was recorded primitively and then master-

tered meticulously, and come to think of it, that's probably the only way possible to come up with such un-selfconscious sonic imagery, both sloppy and at times shimmering, full of both terrors and wonders, like the mask he wears on the album cover.

Tiger Style has come up with a wonder of a label, with some astounding releases. A label springing off from a

website, as good as that website might be, might not be expected to be very good, or might only serve as a marketing or vanity project for the label, but in just a few short months, Insound.com has given us in **Tiger Style** one of the most talked-about and respected new recording houses, with some of the most noteworthy releases on the market.

Yet there's no agenda, no label you can hang on this label, other than the attempt to constantly put out worthwhile music. This is one tiger you can't get by the tail. You can visit **Tiger Style's** own website at tigerstylerecords.com.



Phone a Friend

764-HERO

by chad clark

764-HERO

stopped by **Kilby Court** on August

15, marking only the second time the Seattle, Washington band has played in Salt Lake City.

The band, led by singer-guitarist **John Atkins**, gave a powerful, hour-long perform-

ance which consisted primarily of songs from their newest album, *Weekends of Sound* and two songs from their 1998

release, *Get Here And Stay*, closing with one of my personal favorite

764-HERO songs, "Stained Glass."

Opening with "Terrified of Flight," the band immediately commanded attention. **Polly Johnson's** very precise, tight drumming complimented **Atkins's** ringing, loosely strummed chords.

James Bertram, former bassist for **Beck**, provided a solid low-end that kept the performance together and added a nice melodic touch. **764-HERO** was formerly a duo, but **Bertram** is definitely a positive asset to the band.



Most of the crowd seemed unfamiliar with the new songs from *Weekends of Sound*, but thoroughly enjoyed the performance, nonetheless. Songs like "You Were the Long Way Home," and "Blue Light," all from the new album, translated very well live. When discussing the production of *Weekends of Sound*, **John** explained that the band liked **Phil Ek**, who produced the last two **764-HERO** albums, because of his ability to give the album certain production polishes, but not take away from the basic structure of the song. In turn, the live performances were much easier and more convincing.

I had the chance to talk with **John** a bit before the performance. He was very nice and willing to answer various questions that I had for him. Somehow we ended up talking about MTV and popular music in general. Basically, **Atkins** feels that the current state of popular music is horrible, even dubbing **Limp Bizkit** as the updated version of **Skid Row**. Horrible it may be, but he admitted he had some guilty pleasures like "Never Let You Go" by **Third Eye Blind**.

Even though his band has received critical acclaim for their newest release, **John** still works in a bar in Seattle. He said that it is nice

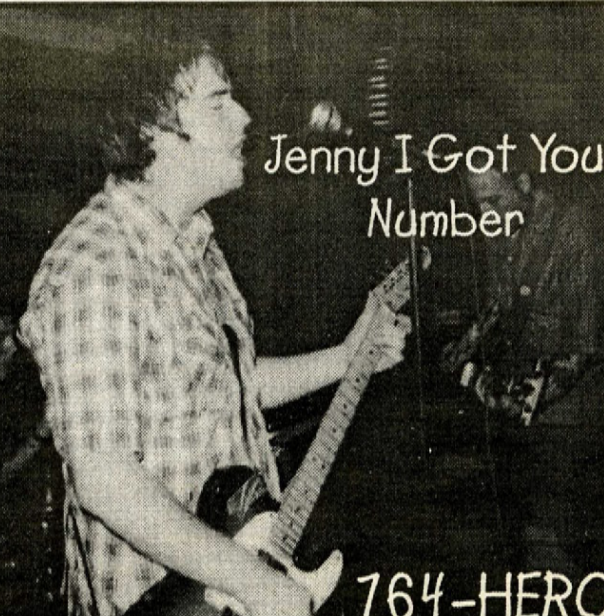
because he uses the tip money to buy "a few CD's a week." The discussion naturally led to the possibility of **764-HERO** signing to a major label, like their fellow Seattle friends, **Modest Mouse**. He said he was hesitant to jump into a situation like that unless **764-HERO** was able to establish themselves solidly as independent artists, so they had firm artistic ground to stand on. Overall, my impression of **John Atkins** was that of a very friendly, intelligent person who is very earnest and sincere about what he does. In our conversation before the performance, I told him that I didn't own their first LP *Salt Sinks & Sugar Floats*. After their set, he ushered me over to the table and handed me a copy. You have to love that.

764-HERO will be back in Salt Lake on September 8, opening up for **Modest Mouse** at **Brick's**. It should be another amazing show.

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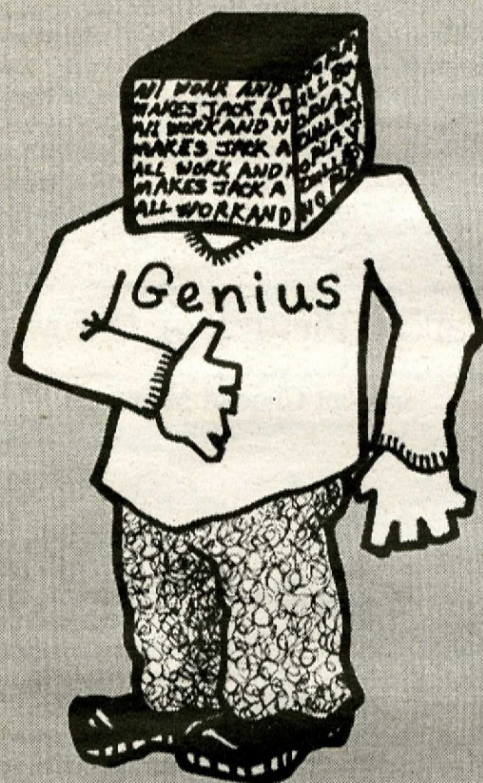
photo by chad clark



Jenny I Got Your Number
764-HERO

BLOCKHEAD

By J. D. Zeigler



Tony's debut novel made the *New York Times* bestseller list just one week after it was published. By the end of the month, the unexpectedly lucrative opus had rocketed to number one. For the first time in his thirty-eight years, Tony was earning money big money-huge money-Steven-Clancy-Rice-King money. He finally felt like an adult.

Larry, his partner, could not have been prouder. He boasted of his lover's success as if Tony were his baby boy and had just taken his first steps. He framed the *Times* Book Review article about Tony and hung it prominently in his office at the bank. It didn't take long for Larry's underlings to learn that an appropriate expression of awe and admiration at the altar of Tony's literary prowess would get them miles inland on their boss's good side.

"Anyone can count," Larry usually replied to their surrogate flattery, modestly deprecating both himself and his fellow financiers in one fell swoop, "But it takes a real genius to create a world from just the imagination!"

In reply, his sycophantic managers and trust officers always nodded in reverent agreement. If it occurred to any of them that Tony's book, "Husbands", was about two middle-aged gay men in a long term monogamous relationship (one a soulful artist type, the other a down-to-earth businessman), none cared to point it out to the senior vice-president of the securities department.

But artists are more complex creatures than bankers. At least that's what Tony claimed and Larry believed. Instead of basking in his lover's joyful adulation, Tony, embodying the nature of his particular beast, harbored a nagging suspicion that relief hid behind Larry's happiness for him. After all, Larry had supported both of them on his substantial but lone salary for over ten years while Tony wrote many an unpublished work. Not long after his novel went platinum, he said as much to Larry during one of their increasingly frequent heart-to-heart, let's-clear-the-air talks.

"Boy, you writers sure have active imaginations," laughed Larry as he playfully pinned Tony in a bear hug and gave him a smooch on the cheek. "I'm perfectly happy to be your muse," he murmured affection-

ately into Tony's ear.

Reluctantly, Tony gave up his delicious paranoia for the time being. Once Larry was feeling frisky, no way would he be serious about anything. There would be plenty of other opportunities for suspicion to rear its ugly head as Tony's fame and fortune waxed. He returned Larry's hug as if he had a suddenly dislocated shoulder and said he felt a migraine coming on.

Indeed, at the bank's familiar social functions and at the new whirl of parties given in honor of his current status as a literary lion cub, Tony's opening conversational gambit became, "I guess I showed Larry that I'm not just a bored housewife who writes for a hobby." To which Larry, ever the doting husband, would invariably reply, "Sweetie, you're the best investment I ever made!"

Much to Tony's chagrin, this always got a laugh.

All in all, though, Tony enjoyed his newfound status as a major author. Although his novel hardly needed the

help, he did a cross-country promotional tour and was praised and feted everywhere he went. For the first time in their relationship, he and Larry were apart. But, because so many people wanted to meet and greet him, Tony wasn't lonely at all, and he found that fame and money were everything they were cracked up to be.

At the pinnacle of his celebrity, Tony was invited to a dinner at PEN, the prestigious American literary guild. Because an alcoholic caterer fortuitously messed up the seating arrangements, he found himself sitting between Norman Mailer and Susan Sonntag. Although the air was rarefied between such exalted peaks, Tony, who had no doubts he was sitting in the right chair, spoke at length of his ambitious plans to make his next work a trilogy.

Everest and K2 were unimpressed, turning away from the novice before he finished talking, but Tony's publisher, sitting across the table, was suitably wowed. Dollar signs swam like tears of joy in his beady eyes. Before Tony left New York for Larry, Sausalito, and home, he received an advance of a cool million and a one-year deadline for the first draft of the first book of the hypothetical trilogy.

"So, what're you going to write about?" asked Larry innocently when Tony told him the good news.

God! That's so typical of him, thought Tony in exasperation. What a philistine! Art was not arithmetic. Not that Larry, counter of beans, would ever understand. Deciding that his muse's incarnation was someone he hadn't met yet, Tony snapped in reply, "How should I know! Art is inspiration, not accounting!"

"Oh," replied Larry meekly. Of course Tony would know best about the artistic process. Chastened, Larry left his genius alone with his laptop and hastened to the kitchen to make dinner. There was nothing worse than a pushy muse.

But six months later, after Tony had spent the better part of that time unsuccessfully looking for inspiration in the bottom of a shot glass, even the very patient Larry figured a small nudge might be in order. "So, what's the story, morning glory," he asked one rare Sunday morning when Tony arose before noon for a change. "Want to

brunch at that new Indo-European bistro near the Yacht Club? You can tell me all about your new book over lattes."

The one-hit wonder flinched like a vampire at both the unaccustomed morning light and Larry's sunny but devious attitude. He's not fooling me, Tony thought darkly. He thinks I'm slacking off, screwing up, and sitting on my thumbs. He's probably worried that if I fuck this up, he'll have to support me again.

"Christ, Larry! Get off my back, will you? I can't pull a story out of my ass just to please you!" he exclaimed angrily.

Now Larry flinched. Tony had been uncommunicative and surly for a long time, but this was beyond the pale. Larry knew it was the liquor talking, but even so, it was time for some tough love. "Don't bitch at me, girlfriend, just because you've got writer's block!" he challenged.

Only the last vestiges of his once sober willpower had kept Tony, during his half-year drought, from filling page after page with, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy". Now a vision of Larry, wearing a brunette dutch-boy wig, and cowering before an ax-wielding maniac, flitted pleasurably across his mind like a dark-winged butterfly.

"Well, maybe I wouldn't be blocked if I was living with someone more supportive, more inspiring! All you ever do after you come home from work is make dinner, watch TV, and go to bed early!"

Larry bristled at this insult to his comfortable domesticity and replied, in a voice he usually reserved for witless fund managers who bought high and sold low, "And all you ever do is eat the dinner I make and drink until you pass out. Maybe, to be supportive, I should sit up all night and watch you drool. But since it looks like I'm still the only breadwinner in this family, I have to get some sleep so I can go to work in the morning!"

So he did resent supporting me all those years! crowed Tony to himself, vindicated beyond his wildest dreams. Well, Larry won't have me to kick around any longer, he quickly decided.

"Family!" he yelled at his "husband", "Family? You weren't my family even before my parents stopped talking to me, and you're not my family now. I don't need you. I've got friends and I've got money. We're through. I'm out of this relationship as of today!"

"Fine!" shouted Larry in reprisal, adding in a burst of catty anger, "This is the first time I'm glad we don't have the right to get married. It saves me the trouble of divorcing you, you talent-less self-centered asshole!" That said, he locked himself, crying, in the bathroom.

By the time Larry emerged, red eyed and emotionally drained, late that afternoon,

Tony had folded up his laptop and stolen off into the oncoming night. (The laptop being the only thing Tony could claim as his own in their antique-filled Victorian house and even then, it was a Christmas present from Larry.)

In the months that followed, Larry heard from various friends that Tony had moved to New York and was living with some guy who owned a trendy Downtown art gallery.

It took Larry, a one-man man and home-lover, much longer than Tony to pick up the pieces and get on with his life. He eventually turned to religion for help and comfort, joining a Reformed Synagogue that was gay-friendly. It turned his life around in more ways than one. A year after the breakup, Larry and his Rabbi (forty-something, darkly handsome, and queer himself) exchanged vows under the canopy together.

On their way to a romantic honeymoon in Paris, the happy couple made a stopover in New York City. Ben wanted Larry to meet his family. While visiting Manhattan, the newlyweds took the opportunity to take in a few shows and do some sightseeing and shopping. Larry, his corny sense of humor restored, claimed that they were painting the town "purple". For the first time in a very long while, he was having carefree fun.

But, on their last day in the city, at the corner of Houston and Bleeker, Larry and Ben ran into Tony and his new boyfriend, André. It wasn't too much of a coincidence since André's gallery was just a block away in Soho.

Fortunately, Larry's anger at Tony had been replaced by his happiness with Ben, so he was able to ask, with genuine warmth and sincerity, how his ex was doing these days.

"Great! Great!" exclaimed Tony with excess "let bygones be bygones" joviality. "My new book's coming out next month," he boasted. Fearful of opening old wounds, Larry merely echoed Tony's, "Great. Great," in a neutral tone. But Ben, who hadn't been a player in that particular drama and who wished to appear liberal-minded about his beloved's old relationships, asked enthusiastically, "So what's it about?"

Tony and Larry both cringed and stony silence reigned. Each, for his own reasons, had fervently hoped that particular fat lady was finished with her singing and had left the building for good.

But no such luck; because André, as clueless as his rabbinical counterpart, answered enthusiastically for his tongue-tied lover, "It's about two middle-aged gay men, one an artist, one in the gallery business, who have a monogamous long-term relationship."

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Institutionalized Deviance

by

H. Bates



had the audacity to confiscate her knitting needles. She tried to explain to them that the average Utah woman cannot go long without knitting, now that there was but a single wife in most Utah households anymore, but to no avail. Security took the poor woman's needles. It was a good thing too. What happened next may have sent a now disgruntled Gayle into some sort of homophobic killing spree right there on national television.

What was it that riled Gayle's feathers so much? Nothing short of complete betrayal by the very political party she had devoted her entire life to. They let a gay guy speak. That's right. The Republican Party let a gay guy speak in front of God and everyone at their convention. Poor Gayle got so flustered that she quickly left her seat and

gathered her children lest they be seduced into a subversive lifestyle by this admitted homosexual and obvious deviant. She apologized to her children for subjecting them to his presence. How was she to know that they would let a queer in, let alone let the freak speak? It had never happened before. It wasn't until her husband, also a first class idiot, informed her that the whole thing was an illusion made for television so people would actually believe the Republican Party was inclusive and open and therefore be fooled into voting for Dub-yah and Dick that she calmed down. One can only imagine her relief at finally being let in on the scheme. Not surprisingly, she eventually left the convention proclaiming its success and predicting a republican victory in November.

Gayle's performance during those tense moments at the convention did not go unnoticed, however. Her diatribe against homosexuals and stereotyping of Utah women received national notoriety. For some the entire episode was merely a joke. For others it provided further evidence that Utahns are a bunch of lowbrow bigots with nothing better to do than criticize what they do not understand. Personally, I believe Gayle's performance exemplifies the

Three cheers for Gayle Ruzicka! Once again the woman has set Utah back a minimum of twenty years in the eyes of the rest of the nation. How could one person be responsible for something like this? Well, if you're Gayle it's easy. Simply be yourself. For Gayle, being yourself means being an idiot. Unfortunately, Gayle is the very best idiot she can possibly be. The woman absolutely excels at it. Her excellence in idiocy has earned her far more than her allotted fifteen minutes of fame and has placed her in a position to publicly embarrass you, me, and everyone else in this state. This time Gayle took her traveling show of hatred, bigotry, and ignorance to last month's Republican National Convention as a republican delegate from Utah and her behavior there has received national attention.

You remember the Republican National Convention don't you? It was the convention that was supposed to reveal the kinder, gentler side of the Republican Party while at the same time unveiling Dub-yah Bush and Dick Cheney as their presidential and vice-presidential candidates for the White House. Unfortunately, no one told poor Gayle. So when she arrived at the convention fully equipped for a full days work of knitting and politicking, politicking and knitting, she was shocked when security

dark side of the Republican Party that they spent so much time, effort, and money trying to hide during this election year, not merely the ignorance of a single idiot.

Whichever it is, we Utahns have only ourselves to blame for the embarrassment this woman continually brings upon this state. It is we who allow her to wield a disproportionate amount of political power amongst our elected officials. It is we who sit idly by as this woman and her five hundred phone calling friends hound our politicians into making decisions that are in the Utah Eagle Forum's best interests not the State's. So when Gayle Ruzicka gets up and makes an ass of herself in front of the nation it is very appropriate that she also makes an ass out of the rest of us. After all, we let her. The only question is, will we continue to?

Polaroid Picture of the Month

by Say Cheese Magazine



"Julien Garcia. Gaurd to the Stars."

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Who the Hell is John Doe?

BY DAVID NEALE

There never was and might never be another band like X. Coming out of Los Angeles in the late 70s, X featured guitarist Billy Zoom, drummer D.J. Bonebrake, singer-lyricist Exene Cervanka, and John X. Doe on bass and vocals. John Doe wrote or co-wrote virtually every X song and together with Exene created some of rock and roll's most haunting vocal harmonies. Take a listen to "The World's A Mess It's In My Kiss" from 1980's Los Angeles or "Drunk In My Past" from 1983's More Fun In The New World. From the high, lonesome ring of Doe and Cervanka's vocals through the rockabilly-surf-punk inflection of Billy Zoom's guitar and the metronomic propulsion of Bonebrake's drumming you hear an American punk band that is equal parts **The Blasters** and **The Ramones**. The seminal X records, released between 1980 and 1984, bridged the gap between the emergence of the celebrated East Coast/CBGB punk rock sound and the mid 80s California hardcore explosion. X didn't sound like anything else that was happening at the time and, along with bands like **The Minutemen** and **Husker Du**, sold a few thousand albums that had a profound influence on every musician who really listened to them.

I first heard X in concert in 1984, along with Salt Lake's own **Massacre Guys**. The show inspired me to write my own songs and eventually to form my first band. Over the years I saw them perhaps four or five times and each time they astounded.

But in the late 1980s the group disbanded for assorted reasons. John Doe vacated the haunted fast-lane of Hollywood and "moved to the sticks." He concentrated on creating a sound and style of his own, pursued his passion for acting, and settled in to raise a family. He released a solo record, *Meet John Doe*, and later formed the first incarnation of his current band, **The John Doe Thing**. The solo offering and the first two John Doe Thing recordings mostly found Doe exploring the rootsy sound that always informed X's music. But his latest album, *Freedom Is...*, is a straight ahead rock'n roll album. Low slung guitar riffs and driving rhythms that put most of what you hear on the radio to shame.

If you take the biographical blurb on his website at face value, Doe doesn't seem too interested in re-hashing the early days:

"John Doe (is that your real name?) was made in Los Angeles in Jan. or Feb. '77 after an exhausting trip from Baltimore on Halloween '76. He settles in Venice, CA. ('cause that's where the Beats lived), goes to the Venice poetry workshop and meets Exene. X band starts, record a single, gets more popular (1979 there was a line around the block @ the Whisky), signs to Slash Records and by 1981 the L.A. 'punk rock' explosion is all but over. X's first two

records have poetry & hard rock; it connects w/ the audience's guts & brains and the critics really like it. X signs to Elektra ('cause **The Doors** & **Phil Ochs** did), make five more LPs, some videos, tour the US and Europe, appear on network TV, make a film (*The Unheard Music*), abuse body & soul, write about it, connect w/ more & more varied audiences and the critics move on to someone new."

Reading this moments before he answers the phone in his central California home, I take it as a cue to ask him about

what he's doing right this second.

SLUG: What do you see when you look out the window?

JD: It's a lot like Arizona. Maybe northern New Mexico.

SLUG: Does the landscape have an effect on what you're doing musically?

JD: I suppose. I came out here to get away from the craziness and the buzz. I guess I moved out here because I kind of connected with it but I'm not conscious of how it has affected what I do.

SLUG: I picture the group of you sitting on the porch and howling away, not just jamming in a studio setting but banging out ridiculous music and letting the songs unfold:

JD: I wish I could say yes but, no. I write the songs by myself and bring them to the band, whoever happens to be in the band at the time. We learn them and then record them. At least that's the way it worked on this record.

SLUG: So, it isn't that you don't have time for that but it's your preferred method of writing?

JD: Yeah, at this point. There's still the chance to, you know, share ideas in the studio. And Exene and I still exchange a lot of ideas. We have a song coming out on Aces & Eights Records. I'm not sure what the record is going to be called but it's in support of the West Memphis Three, kind of a political thing I'm involved in now.

SLUG: What's that?

JD: You can go to the website www.wm3.com, find out all about it. There was a documentary on HBO about four or five years ago called "Paradise Lost." There was a follow-up, also on HBO about three months ago. It's the story of three teenagers wrongfully convicted of murder. It was a little travesty of justice...

SLUG: West Memphis Three is media shorthand for these kids?

JD: Yeah. Basically these kids were listening to too much heavy metal music and everyone decided these murders were the work of Satan and these teenagers were the agents of Satan. Total bullshit. Right now they are trying to get the conviction overturned.

SLUG: And how did you come across this?

JD: The guy who is making the record called me up and told me about it.

(ED Note: Any **SUPERSUCKERS** fans out there? It was this band that came up with the idea for the comp that John Doe is talking about. Check out our website www.slugmag.com to re-read their interview from our Dec. 99 issue.)

SLUG: So the record is an attempt to raise money for the legal fund?

JD: Yeah. Raise money, raise awareness... We're going to play some shows once they release the record.

SLUG: I want to ask you about the song "Too Many Goddamn Bands" from your new record. It obviously reflects your feelings on what is happening in music these days.

JD: There's a lot of great stuff and a lot of crap, just like always. Everyone that's of a certain musical style or has a buzz gets signed. In the music business there's the big game, the medium game, and the little game. I'm not in the big game anymore so I can concentrate on the little game. I hope that somehow people get a musical history but it's no better or worse now. You know, there's **Aimee Mann**, **Elliott Smith**, **E from the Eels**, **Juliana Hatfield**... people who are putting out great records but it isn't what the

media are interested in.

SLUG: And you don't miss the big game? Were you ever interested in, say, continuing your relationship with Elektra records as a solo artist?

JD: (flatly) No. I mean, I shopped this record to maybe 20 different labels but in the end I went with Spinart because they were willing to let me release it first on the internet and allowed me the kind of creative control I wanted. We recorded three or four songs in a week but the whole record took about 2 and a half years to make. The difference between this record and the other John Doe Thing album on Kill Rock Stars is that this time we didn't want to release a record of raw demos. I think we were able to capture a lot more range on this record.

SLUG: You mention range and that makes me think of your song writing style. A lot of your older material, especially the early X songs, have an almost journalistic voice, like you're piecing together a story after it's happened. The songs on the new album are very much "in the moment" and have a lot of depth.

JD: A lot more emotional depth and a lot more personal.

SLUG: "Too Many Goddamn Bands" has these images of wheels turning, of life on the road.

JD: That's really two songs in one. The verse part is the experience of being a band and the chorus is a commentary on how there is too much of everything. Too many CD's, too many movies, too many magazines. It's incredibly difficult to keep up with what's current.

SLUG: There's a lot of reflection on this record as well. "A Picture Of This" and especially "Ever After" have you looking back from right now...

JD: "Ever After" is really about making a conscious choice between life and lifestyle. I admire the guys who chose lifestyle over life, that they could keep it up as long as they could. I'm thinking of friends I've lost, **Country Dick Montana**, **Jeff Pierce**... I don't have any regrets about how they chose to live their lives and I'm sure they don't either. But I made a conscious decision. I want to see as much of this world as I can and write music about it. I also wanted to pursue other things, like acting. Act'n for me is another way of getting outside of myself, of forgetting everything, of becoming the character, even if it is for just a second.

SLUG: And you've been there with acting... Do you find it just as fulfilling as music?

JD: Oh, yeah. I think that is what are looking for, in whatever medium they choose to do. To get out there and connect with the audience in that way.

SLUG: This decision you made has everything to do with the way you put it in "Ever After" - "This shit isn't funny anymore / we all been passed out on the floor / some people can get off it / this shit just isn't funny anymore."

JD: Well, you get so tired of it. At least I did. I'm not going to lie to you, you know, I still drink and... I drink to excess on occasion. But I got so damn tired of the whole game and I wanted to get away from it.

SLUG: Someone like Country Dick who just lived hard and burned out...

JD: Burned out?! Hell, he killed himself. He dropped dead on-stage, man. That isn't burning out.

SLUG: Hell, I had no idea that's what happened.

JD: Well, I hate to break the news. But that's how it happened.

Not fifteen minutes later John has to take a call on the other line. We've been talking in a wide circle around the early X sound and the **Knitters** side project with **Dave Alvin**. I ask him about the early rootsy sound present in all of their stuff, music that sounds as much like **Hank Williams** at times as it sounds like **Big Boys** and the **Black Flag**. When he comes back on the line he's cursing, "Shit. Goddamn. I don't believe it." He relates to me that the other caller was an old friend who just found out a member of the early 80s L.A. punk band **The Screamers** had just died. As I write this I don't know whether this was ever verified but I gathered right away that this was yet another good friend from back in the day that chose lifestyle over life.

"That was my first gig when I moved to Hollywood, man," he tells me. "I was the Screamers roadie for four or five gigs. We've been friends ever since. I can't fucking believe this."

John and I continue to talk for a few more minutes but eventually he decides to call his friend back and we say good-bye. Not a week later, I'm in the Zephyr club taking in the latest version of The John Doe Thing, which reunites Doe with DJ Bonebrake. The band kicks everlovin' ass as they tear through material from all of Doe's solo records and a few X gems like "White Girl" and Doe still looks like his music sounds; raw -boned, rangy, and young.

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It's News to Us

by Phil Jacobsen

The Mormons Postpone General Conference by One Week to Accommodate Olympic Television Schedule They're not the first. Here are other Religious Events Delayed For Non-Religious Purposes

1. God keeps Mary pregnant an additional three months, because the Three Wise men have a Camel race they need to attend on September 25.
2. It was supposed to rain for 43 days and 43 nights, but Noah's wife looked so "Hot" suntanning herself on the deck of the Ark, God brought out the Sun, Baby!
3. The Virgin Mary appears to three school children in Fatima. The kids don't reveal the Virgin's Secrets until they secure a book and movie deal, as well as a prime time interview on *Larry King Live*.
4. Christ is crucified. But not until Pontius Pilot is satisfied that enough people have shown up to witness this event, because Pontius wants the people to know "He means business."
5. The Bible (loosely translated) says, prayer should remain in the home. That if you pray in public you're doing it for the wrong reasons. In other news, the Mormons have a contract with NBC, KSL, cable and satellite networks to broadcast General Conference. What's next? Girls in bikinis holding up numbers to indicate which Commandment is currently being taught?

Gayle Ruzicka Supports Erections

Gayle Ruzicka, President of the Ultra Conservative Eagles Forum, had an interesting mishap this week. It has long been known that Ms. Ruzicka has a speech impediment, when she talks her voice sounds like a cross between Barbara Walters and Elmer Fudd. Recently, when she gave a speech to a group called Future Up & Coming Kids Enlightening Rightwing Society (F.U.C.K.E.R.S.), the word "Election" sounded like "Erection." Here is a transcript of that speech:

Hello, I'm Gayle Ruzicka. Today I want to talk to you F.U.C.K.E.R.S. about erections. Erections are important. Erections are what sets us apart from the Pink-O Communist.

I love erections. Right now, all I can think about is the upcoming

erection in November. For me and my husband we look forward to erections. Because for us, erections come once every four years. But I'm telling you this, in all sincerity you

F.U.C.K.E.R.S., when it's erection time, we grab hold of that erection. We don't let go of a good erection. Erections are all I do. I eat erections. I sleep erections. I live erections. And I breathe erections.

I know you F.U.C.K.E.R.S. are young. Too young to be getting yourself involved in erections, but now is the time for you to prepare for your first erection. I don't want you F.U.C.K.E.R.S. to wake up one morning, and say, "Oh my. Good golly. What is this erection all about?" Study erections, **today!** Learn to love erections, **today!** Remember, if it wasn't for a good erection, you wouldn't be living here in a free society. That's right F.U.C.K.E.R.S., if it wasn't for a great big erection, you might not be here AT ALL!!

Woman with 47 Cats Dies

Waste Management says, "The house actually smelled nice."

Anges Mansfield, a reclusive resident of Murray, Utah and long time cat lover died this weekend, leaving her entire estate to the 47 cats she called, "My children."

Fearing a biological bio-hazard of feces, urine and feline spit, the bureau of Hazardous Waste Management (HWM) was called in to clean-up Ms. Mansfield's home.

Donned in their bio-hazard bunny suits, the HWM entered the house and said, "Here home smelled like mountain fresh air, but instead of birds chirping, wind rustling through the trees, and a magnificent blue sky there were a bunch of cats."

One of Ms. Mansfield's neighbors said that all the kids in the neighborhood would yell at Agnes and call her names like "Cat Lady. Kitty. Or pussy face. But now, when the kids speak of Agnes, they call her Mrs. Clean."

Rocky Gives Hand Guns to Pedestrians

"Crossing the streets of Salt Lake just got interesting," says Rocky

After Salt Lake City was ranked in *Car and Driver* magazine, as the number one city "Where You're Most Likely to Have a Pedestrian Dent Your Car," Rocky Anderson decided motorists needed to pay attention to the people crossing the streets. Now they will.

"I call it the 'Great Equalizer,'" Rocky Anderson said at a recent press conference. "At every crosswalk in Salt Lake City, I have personally installed bins that hold 15 to 20 bright hunter's orange colored guns. When you need to cross the street, simply grab a gun and cross the street. I've been using guns to cross streets for years, and really is amazing how fast a car notices you in the crosswalk."

Anderson continued by saying he just didn't feel it was fair that his community was losing kids, women, and voters on the streets of Salt Lake City to vehicular homicide.

"As a driver when you kill someone, it's simply goes on your record as 'Negligent Homicide,'" Anderson stated. "If, as a pedestrian, you kill someone with the Great Equalizer program, it will also just be a sim-

ple Negligent Homicide. No harm. No foul. And No Jail."

Because more people are killed in car accidents than by guns in America, it stands to reason that automobiles are actually weapons not transportation, Rocky said. And that's why his program is called the "Great Equalizer."

"It's a dog eat dog world out there," Rocky said. "Only now, the poodles are packing heat."

Republicans feel this ploy to "arm pedestrians" is really just a political move by Rocky Anderson. "He's supposed to be a Democrat, right?" said Orrin Hatch. "As Republicans, it's our duty to outfit the world with guns. Who does he think he is? Billy the Kid? I'll tell you where I'm going to be for the next few days, and that's standing in a crosswalk, waiting for the Mayor to drive by."

As a final piece of advice, Rocky Anderson says, "Be safe. Look both ways, and most important, shoot straight and shoot to kill. That should teach those cell phone talking-SUV-Drive Thru Eating-non-paying attention drivers."

Firestone Tires are Recalled "They were made from Silly Putty," says inside source.

An unnamed source at Firestone Corporate Headquarters has publicly said, "Off the record. Those tires that are getting recalled, we made them out of Silly Putty."

What started as a joke, has ended up killing over 80 people and possibly more, once they tally up the death toll in Venezuela.

"I know it's seems crazy," the unnamed source said on national TV. "Maybe even silly, but we thought making tires out of Silly Putty would be fun, you know, for the

kids."

Most people are aware that Silly Putty is that wacky, pliable clay that bounces like a ball, sticks to a wall, and can lift an image from the comic pages, in full color. Firestone figured that the same ingredients that makes Silly Putty fun for everyone, would make cars travel smoother, bouncier and "fun, fun, fun."

"As an added bonus," the secret source said, while posing for GQ Magazine, "Have you ever run over a cat? It's gross, isn't it? Well, with

Silly Putty tires, you'd have a perfect color imprint of the animal you just killed. It would make hitting kittens, Fun, Fun, Fun."

If your tires are made of Silly Putty, call Firestone and they'll replace them for free with brand new tires (make certain to specify which color of tire you want red, green, blue, yellow or any of the other standard Play-Doh colors).

Firestone a Division of Hasbro Toys.

Gentry Densley: Sound Artist

By: Phil Sherburne

When I talk to bands from elsewhere, many of them ask if Utah has produced anyone they have heard of (The editors of this fine paper have informed me that it is not proper to start a story like this, because the readers won't know who I am. So to appease them, I'll let you know that I am Larry Miller and I run a little club called the Deltoid Center). We at the Deltoid Center always answer, to these visiting bands, "Iceburn and the Osmonds." Everyone laughs when we say the Osmonds, so we don't mention them anymore. But when we say Iceburn, they always pause and then question, "Iceburn? From Utah? You're kidding." I have actually seen out of state rockers with Iceburn tattoos- all the way down their backs. Without a doubt, Iceburn has made some waves all over. Gentry was in Iceburn. So were a whole lot of other people, but throughout Iceburn's eleven year history to date, Gentry Densley has been the one constant, and the focus of this story.

My history with Gentry and with Iceburn does not go back too far, and I have no excuse for that. During those years that Iceburn was playing here in town and around the country I lived in South Jordan and spent most of my time in my backyard skateboarding and listening to the Smiths- or some such bands- usually grounded to the yard for something. That's the best excuse I have for missing out on a band like Iceburn in a town like Salt Lake.

A couple of years ago I was finally living downtown and was involved in doing some random art shows here and there. We wanted to include music in a show that we were planning on and a friend suggested that we contact Gentry of Iceburn. Of course I had heard the name Iceburn (I had lived in South Jordan, not Siberia) but my friend then went on to say that Gentry was able to play every instrument that had ever been made and was a master of all of them. Instruments that had never been made, he could play them too I think he said. The picture that my friend painted of Gentry was that he had graduated from countless Universities with degrees upon degrees of music theory, composition, etc. He said that Gentry was seven feet tall and could walk on water- all the while playing classical composers' works on the guitar by memory alone. My friend was a big fan of Gentry's and also a liar.

I did meet Gentry and he was not seven feet tall, but he did agree to help us with the art show. When I first heard him play, I thought it was the most discordant bunch of noise I had ever heard. I assumed that this was, in some way, a reflection of the art show we were doing. The art show was also confusing and discordant. Now, I'm not sure what we were thinking. I thought Gentry and others had interpreted our chaos and played it back at us. Then when I saw him play for real, it again sounded a lot like what they had done for the art show. I didn't get it. I listened and tried to figure out what he was doing, but I had the feeling that someone was trying to pull something over on me the whole time. I didn't understand it at all and it frustrated me.

Time went by and I forced myself to watch a few more shows. They were similar to the first, and yet each was very different from the other. What kept me going back was that I knew that Gentry was truly a talented musician, obviously intelligent, and that there must be something to this thing. If I listened enough, I reasoned, I would figure it out. The music seemed to be like one of those eye-trick puzzles that, if you stare at long enough, you'll find the hidden picture inside the chaos. Even though I stared for a long time, I never found the picture inside the chaos, but at some point I started to appreciate the chaos itself, and then to really like the chaos for what it was. And yet I still had a feeling that there was something I should know about what Gentry was doing, and if I knew that something it

would help me a lot- like breaking a secret code or something. So even though I now have a real appreciation for the music, I never got over that feeling of chaotic confusion.

So now I'm going to the source in an attempt to pick the brain of Gentry, to find out what he's doing with this thing. As I said, 801 words ago, this is a story about Gentry Densley, and I mean it.

Gentry was sixteen when he started playing guitar. To play the guitar he knew that he needed to have a guitar, so at sixteen (it makes more sense then) he stole a guitar from

ry of music in Salt Lake City-1988 to present," which it easily could turn into, the abbreviated history goes something like this. After the barn shows, Gentry and others started a band called **Better Way** while Chubba joined **Insight**. Shortly thereafter, some of the same people and some others started **Brainstorm**, which was a break from the straight edge that the other two bands had been. These bands were all strangely connected and as Gentry relays their history to me, it seems like all these bands were borrowing players from the same large group of people, and it makes me sort of dizzy. With all of these bands, there were

live shows in Salt Lake at the Speedway Cafe, Pompadour, the Word, and other local venues, as well as annual national tours. The bands enjoyed large audiences at all of these shows. Gentry played guitar for **Better Way** and **Brainstorm** and played part of one tour with **Insight** when Doug Wright got married.

Some of the people in these bands wanted to mutate elements from all of the bands into one band- a superband if you will. While they had not yet had any academic training in music, the music was continually becoming more and more complex and sophisticated. The same people who were pushing for this evolution, were the ones pushing for the new band that could be taken to that level. This is the band that became Iceburn.

Gentry invented the name "Iceburn". The band had a song named burn and to that was added the ice part. Contradictions like the name "Iceburn" are a big thing for Gentry, so the name fit. Iceburn took off very big very fast, Gentry says. A big reason for this was Stormy Shephard who was booking their tours and doing their promoting. The music was continually evolving- they began using different meters in the composition of their songs, adding to and changing constantly. In always challenging themselves the music began to change more quickly, and as it changed they became addicted to the



photo: Russel A. Daniels

the University Mall in Provo. A friend distracted the clerk while Gentry grabbed the guitar and ran through the mall with it- hurdling an old lady in a wheelchair on the way out. It's a true story and not something that many other guitarists can say they did (even fewer drummers). Before a bunch of high school kids decide that they too want to play guitar, and that this is a good way to do it, I should mention that Gentry did end up getting caught one month later, and had to give the guitar back.

After the guitar stealing episode was over, Gentry got his first legal guitar. A BC Rich for fifty dollars. He soon learned *Iron Man* by **Black Sabbath**. A friend named Chubba (his real name is Joseph Smith, so you too would call yourself "Chubba") played the drums. Gentry and Chubba soon started playing **Black Sabbath** and **Stench** covers together in Chubba's parents barn in Heber. The two first called themselves **Expression of Vexation**, and for obvious reasons, soon changed their name to **Foreshadow**. By the time the guitar and drum duo were ready to do their first show the name had changed again to **Forward**. They had their first show in the barn and admission was twenty-five cents. Their next show in the barn was a benefit for a friend who had his tonsils taken out. (All proceeds from the 50-cent cover went to buy ice cream for him.)

How they went from that and through Iceburn is a long and complicated history that spans eleven years, several cities, a couple counties, a bunch of bands, and a who's who list of musicians. Without turning this into "the histo-

changes and needed more.

Other influences then found their way into the music - **Miles Davis' Bitches Brew**, and **John Zorn's Naked City**. Both had a big effect on Iceburn's music as it was forming. They were compressing Jazz, Punk, Lounge and Metal all together to make something new. When things seemed to be slowing down a bit, Jaime Holder and Gentry began taking classes at the University to avoid becoming stagnate with their music. This is where they met Paul Banham, a University of Utah professor, who is probably Gentry's greatest influence to date.

Soon after Iceburn's conception, the band had been offered a deal with Victory records. At this point, Jeremy Chatelain (who is now in **Jets to Brazil**) and Jaime Holder decided that the music that Iceburn was making was too taxing, and that they would rather be playing more "straight-ahead rock" than the experimental group that Iceburn was becoming. Jeremy and Jaime then left for other projects, and so Gentry became the parts that they had left. Previously, Jeremy had been the singer, and when he left, Gentry took over.

"It was a very hard thing to do," Gentry says. "I had never sung before, so to throw yourself into something like that is really tough, but it helped that we had a lot of support". With the remaining three members of the band, Gentry, Doug Wright and Chubba, **Iceburn** recorded *Firon* which was put out by Victory records.

That was in 1990. To cover everything that happened with Iceburn and all of its evolutions and its changes

would constitute a novel. A thick novel. People came, people went and Gentry stayed. (They put out another ten albums or so and since then, have toured every but one) Thus, they made an impact on the country that I mentioned earlier. This is why people in bands have Iceburn tattoos. Because for over a decade, Iceburn was doing amazing things and exposing a whole country to it. And they are from Utah.

After telling Gentry that I want to write a story about him for *Slug* I ask if I can interview him. He chuckles and says, "O.K.," so we meet somewhere. I ask him questions and he responds. It's just like an interview. Here's how it went:

Phil: What other instruments do you play besides the guitar? (I never did find out whether it was true that Gentry could play all instruments known to man. I hadn't ever wanted to ask because it would make me look like a sucker if I was wrong. So I asked him this first).

Gentry: I played my cello last night in a garage with Andy Cvar. It was fun. I play a bunch of stuff, but the guitar is more of my thing. Now I'm starting to see a way to make it (the guitar) what I want it to be- to use the horn sounds or whatever. Straight jazz guitar always bored me, I guess. I've always liked guys who were pushing it over the edge- not with stupid "synth" sounds, but just something raw and real and you could tell that they were just attacking their instrument- almost like a fight against their instrument- or with it- that struggle is great.

Phil: I'm still trying to understand what your music is about. The first few times that I heard it, I didn't like it, and I guess it's because it's not "entertaining," or maybe just that it's not "foot-tapping" music, or music that makes you feel good.

Gentry: Yeah, but you do feel something- why should we always walk around feeling good? That's why I liked punk- because it's so raw and visceral. People need to be ready for it. The music that is. People have to be in the right mind set to be ready to experience it. To let themselves be taken away by the music. This music is not really here for social reasons, and if that's what brings you out, then it's good to go outside in that case. This music is not conducive to that type of atmosphere. It grabs you by the balls or sits there delicately, either way, you have to have respect for it. Not everyone is going to like it. There's a guy named Albert Ayler- he was this saxophone player in New York who played his heart out- but he died and they found him floating in the East River, not appreciated at the time. Something just tells you that you have to do it.

Phil: Do you see yourself ending like that?

Gentry: Being in Utah, I'll probably be floating in the Great Salt Lake. But then I've lived a different lifestyle.

Phil: Most of the musicians you play with have been playing their instruments for a long time, and they are masters of them. Is "Improvisational music" a means to that end- do these accomplished musicians get bored and need something more?

Gentry: You're in music for a reason and then you see other kinds of music with infinite possibilities. With a jazz standard, it's in a box with rules. But with this stuff you can play with other people and you all have your unique voice- it's sympathetic and organic and it works. With some people it doesn't work- the chemistry and baggage all of that will play into it. And sometimes people try to force things on it- I've been guilty of that. When it works, it's organic and natural and electric and tense- just like lightning and earthquakes are organic too. These same movements are happening in art and math as well. There's "chaos theories" and "fractals," or just looking at a pile of leaves and taking a photo of it, because you can see the beauty in it. Or the texture of tree bark.

Phil: Like the pattern and randomness of tree bark?

Gentry: Yeah, patterned and random. Sciences are all going that way, and I don't see why music has to be stuck in ancient tradition or in popular songs- just more...well maybe not more, but in its own direction.

Phil: It doesn't seem like Salt Lake has a big crowd of improv/experimental enthusiasts. Is it different in other places? How has your more recent music been received?

Gentry: It was extremes either way- because it's an extreme music- people either love it and were just blown away because something like that can be so interesting. To be listening to it and watching it is pretty intense, but there are always some tattoo-sport and jarhead types from the old hardcore scene that were expecting to see some old metal. They just don't know what to expect. Like at a show in Connecticut, there were people there that were totally lov-

ing it and totally into it- but then somebody throws a bagel and hit me in the head. The bagel then bounced off me and hits Ed's drums, who briefly thought about eating it. But I kinda' took it as an insult- it was like all these people see this, and I'm not going to be some little nerd up there, cowering and saying something like "Oooh, don't throw food at me" so I unplugged my guitar and stormed off the stage. The other guys kept playing. I saw the guys who threw the bagel walk out the back door and I followed them out. As I was walking out it hit me what I was doing and then I got really nervous, but then I couldn't turn around, so I went out there and called them on it. They all denied it, and I was kinda' glad they did because there was a lot of them. I then stormed back inside, plugged back in, started yelling and smashing my guitar into cymbals and stuff- it was really intense. I was letting all that stuff and the rest of the people at that show were really cool we sold around thirty cd's which accounted for about half of the people there. So you have extremes of both - people who really love it, and also meat-headed types that want to start shit at the shows.

Phil: Do you think this type of music will effect things on a larger scale?

Gentry: Well, it's been happening since the fifties. John Cage was questioning then, "what is music? Can a truck driving by be music?" He was the one who formulated this theory and put it into the books. It was about letting go of ego. Then there were these other composers, this Avant Gard/Expressionist thing, who were using all twelve tones before you can use the same one again, and creating a matrix of notes. With Free-Jazz- it's spiritual and bluesy,

but it's visceral and screamy, too. There's so much music out there that it's mind boggling. There are traditional things from other countries that have the same aesthetic as I have these

days. And theatrical movements too, like Bruce Lee and Jet Li movies, where there's action all over the place, and then one figure goes flowing and spinning through the chaos- he lands and Yeah! He just busted out some chops. It's all related. I don't want the music be contrived- so now I'm getting away from composing everything.

Phil: Would it be hard to go backwards?

Gentry: That's why these other projects come up. They're the tangents that I didn't take before. Nothing is backwards except maybe chronologically. All of what I do is not improvisational. The most recent project I'm in, *Fancy*, is also the most structured band I'm in. *Furious fire* (w/my wife Carrie) is the most rockin'. But now I can take things that I've learned, and apply them to intensify the music.

Phil: Do you have a favorite project right now?

Gentry: I don't know. Things happen at the spur of the moment too. *Project Ion* is the most personal expression because I'm the only melodic- well I'm the only non-drumming instrument in the band. It's just two people and you can let your ideas out and no matter how the other guy is reacting it will work out in some way. We can go in these different directions without having to think about when I need to step back and let the sax do its thing. That's a consideration in jazz and improv- leaving spaces for the other people who are playing. But in *Project Ion*, I can just go all out until I just can't anymore, and then let Josh do something for a while until I get a second wind. It's all about shaping it as it comes, which feels good, and it's the most fun way for me to play right now. It sounds good to me when I'm up there, too. And sometimes, I'm surprised that the sounds just keep coming out of my guitar. Playing like this is more intimate in a way. I think that now I'm able to just kinda scream and yell and not be afraid to do anything really.

That's when the tape ran out. After it did, Gentry said something like, "I went to school and learned all the rules and the theories- Now I know them and it seems like I break every one of them. I guess that's what Iceburn was about. We were always breaking the rules and when we did, we would like the way it sounded so we'd end up recording it like that."

Maybe this is the best way to sum it up. Gentry Densley knows more about the "rules" of music than most, and yet he seems to be one of the only people I know who is concerned about them enough to challenge them. If anyone is going to change the rules, Gentry (and others like him) will probably be the one's to do it. If you haven't heard Iceburn or Gentry before, or if it's been a long time, you should definitely see for yourself what he's doing now. If you have seen it lately and don't like it—listen again. There is something there. Really.



DISCOGRAPHY

- 1988- *Better Way- Demo tape*
- 1989- *Brainstorm- Cassette self-released*
- 1989- *Brainstorm- "Let me Forget" 7" Flatline Records*
- 1990- *Iceburn- "Burn/Fall" 7" Victory Records*
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- 1995- *Iceburn- "Poetry of Fire" CD/LP Revelation Records*
- 1995- *Iceburn- "Moon" 7" Art Monk Records*
- 1996- *Iceburn Collective "Meditavolutions" CD/2XLP Revelation Records*
- 1997- *Iceburn Collective "Polar Bear Suite" CD Iceburn/Revelation Records*
- 1997- *Lion 7" Lionhead Records*
- 1998- *Iceburn Collective "Power of the Lion" Iceburn/Revelation Records*
- 1998- *Gentry Densley "Acceleration of Color" 7" Move Records*
- 1998- *Iceburn Collective "Leos" 12" Lionhead Records*
- 1999- *Fully Celebrated Orchestra "Billy Ruane" CD Cud Records*
- 1999- *Iceburn Double Trio "Speed of Light/Voice of Thunder" CD Iceburn Records*
- 2000- *Project Ion CD Iceburn Records*

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Ah, Rock and Roll, the age old standard by which we should eat, breathe, shit, and think. Started by misfits, miscreants, sexual deviants, thieves, drug addicts, and lunatics, it is the very life's blood from which all good music comes. Ever wonder why people still listen to **Little Richard, Chuck Berry, and Jerry Lee Lewis**? It's because real Rock and Roll is timeless, and it will floor your ass whether the year is 1950, or 2050. Shit, the big '70's rockers knew this, so they took their lessons from it and created some of the biggest, baddest riffs and songs from it's roots. (Then they got out of control, and we ended up with **Motley Crue** and **Warrant**.) Anyway, the lesson to be learned is that Rock and Roll never dies, it goes on forever in the hearts and minds of the young. It is a young person's music. Whether or not you are only young at heart, or young in terms of chronology, Rock and Roll will make you burn at some level once it's introduced into your bloodstream. That burning continues on in a new generation of Rock and Rollers that are coming to drag your ass, kicking and screaming, back into the fold. They won't do it with lights, smoke, (unless it's pot smoke) and flashy hairdos. No, they'll bring you back to Rock and Roll with what started it all off in the first place: the songs. **The B-Movie Rats** belong to that group. The people who have never given up on the ideals of simplicity, volume, and sheer enjoyment of what they are doing. Bands like **Zeke, Electric Frankenstein, The Bell-Rays, Turbonegro, and Texas Terri and the Stiff Ones** all bring some of the most energetic, enthusiastic, reckless, passionate, destructive, and overall REAL music that has been heard since the days of such greats as **The Stooges**, or the **MC5**. The days of fluffy, cry about your parents not being nice to you music are over. Get ready to rock, mother fucker, and don't look back! With that said, here is my interview with Derek Christensen of the B-Movie Rats, one of my brothers in the Rock and Roll Revolution.

Derek: So, what's going on? What do you need to know?

SLUG: I have heard the new album, 'Bad For You', and I my ass was kicked. I have wanted to interview more Rock and Roll bands to get the word out, you know. Mainstream stuff sucks.

Derek: Right.

SLUG: Anyway. When did you guys get together?

Derek: Let's see.. We formed this current line up, there have been a couple, originally it formed in '95 or '96, with Curt Florczak (guitar) William Graves (bass) Rick Garcia (drums), and Benny Chadwick (vocals). And after they did a single, and a tour, I replaced Benny. Curt and I used to play in bands together. We grew up playing in a band together, me, Curt, and Ricky. So, we've kind of always been together, in that sense. I came in and started singing, we did a record (*Killer Woman*) did a couple more singles, a bunch more tours, and then Ricky left. We got Shawn Nancione, who has played with everyone you could possibly imagine, he filled in for us, and did a couple of tours. So, now we've got this guy, Andy Baker, who just came down this weekend, and he's fucking awesome.

SLUG: Did he play with you at the Las Vegas Shakedown? (ED NOTE: If you don't know what this is go to www.vegasshakedown.com, it is the biggest god damned show of the year. Three days of rock madness.)

Derek: No. That was Shawn. He was a great drummer, but he couldn't commit. He couldn't do this anymore.

SLUG: There are a lot of people who are like that with music. After you get a bit older, it seems like it's harder to tour and travel a lot. People get comfortable.

Derek: Yeah, I know. You get into this, and you think, 'Well, this is all I do. This is what I will do.', and you think anybody that you're playing with, that's good, is kind of thinking the same way. They're not.

SLUG: I know what you mean.

Derek: And then we've picked up another guitar player, Matt Lake, (*440 Six Pack*) a couple months ago. So, we've now formed as a five piece. We've got the full rock and roll freight train assault goin' on.

SLUG: Where'd the name **B-Movie Rats** come from?

Derek: That was from Billy, he just threw it out of nowhere, "How about the B-Movie Rats?" we said, "Yeah, cool." And that was that.

SLUG: So, there aren't any actual b-movie fans in the band?

Derek: Oh no, we all love b-movies. Those movies are what teach you about sex and violence when you're fifteen, you know?

SLUG: Yeah, **Troma** films man. Where and when did you record the *Bad For You* album?



Derek: We recorded that in October of 1998, at a place called LoHo Studios in New York City. It's a cool place. **The Candy Snatchers, Art Garfunkel, Karen Black**, they all recorded there. It's a really good studio. They had the **Rolling Stones'** mobile unit in there. They own it. We didn't get to use it though, it was kind of expensive. We did that almost two years ago. They got really nice gear, good room, good mics.

SLUG: Sweet.

Start the Rock N Roll Revolution!

It's an Interview with the B-Movie Rats

By: Jeremy "Blue Martin" Cardenas

Derek: We just got it out now. People have been wanting to put it out, but we didn't want to do it half-assed, you know?

SLUG: How did you end up on **Junk Records**?

Derek: Well, we've known Lou for years, we were going to do something with him a long time ago. And, there were other problems, other partners, going on at time, so we didn't get along. We didn't pursue it, and then those other partners were out of the picture, and we did the record. We've been waiting to put something out on Junk for over a year. We were waiting for the right time, and there it was.

SLUG: Some good music coming out on Junk. How did you feel about the overall sound of the record?

Derek: I like it, but there are a couple things I would change after living with it for a couple years. Overall, though, the guitar tones sound really good, the drums sound good. We did it all on 1" analog. It came out sounding real good because of the analog recording. We've done digital stuff in the past, and decided not to do it again. It doesn't work out right. It seems like you lose something. You lose some warmth. You lose soul, you lose life in your recording.

SLUG: With an analog recording, I think the key is finding someone who is good at it.

Derek: Definitely, but if you do find someone who's good at it, then you get a true to life sound, you know. Whatever's coming out of the amps, whatever's coming out of my throat, that's duplicated onto the recording, it sounds so good.

SLUG: Who are some of your musical influences?

Derek: **Little Richard**. We've got so many, man. If you asked each one of us individually, I bet you'd cover everybody who's ever recorded.

SLUG: Speaking of influences, didn't you guys play with **Wayne Kramer, (MC5)**?

Derek: Yeah, we did. We played "Teenage Lust" with him one night at *Spaceland*. I got him up there, and he fuckin' played with us. It kicked ass.

SLUG: Shit, that's cool. Have you ever played here in SLC?

Derek: Yeah, we've played in Provo at *ABG's*, and in Salt Lake at *Spanky's*.

SLUG: How long ago?

Derek: About three years ago.

SLUG: Was that with **the Candy Snatchers**?

Derek: No, but we do play with them a lot, we try to play with them whenever we can.

SLUG: That's a damned good band.

Derek: Hell yeah.

SLUG: What would you say makes a Rat show special?

Derek: Soul. Soul, and energy. We get up there and we fuckin' lay it all out on the line. We're not fakin' anything, we're not bullshitting anything, and that comes across. People see it and know that we're for real. That's what we do. That's all we do. We play our guitars, our drums, and we fuckin' yell, scream, and dance around. What else is there?

SLUG: That's what it's all about, I think.

Derek: We live, sleep, eat, shit, and fuck Rock and Roll.

SLUG: Who's your favorite band to play with live? (Don't ask me why I said 'Live' I just kept hearing the Rock and Roll talk and got carried away.)

Derek: I would say **Aerosmith**, but they won't play with us.

SLUG: If you started the Rock and Roll revolution today, who would be the first band up against the wall?

Derek: **The Backstreet Boys**, or **N'Sync**, or some shit like that. I love all kinds of music, but that's going too far. If they're not even fucking writing it, then I can't respect it, you know? Anything soulless, and heartless, and gutless, I'd put it up against the wall. I wouldn't shoot it. I would just break it's hands, maybe shoot it in the knees.

SLUG: What do you think of the whole new scene of 'real' Rock and Rollers who are just now coming around?

Derek: I think it's taking off. No. I think it's taking over. People are tired of listening to 'divorce rock'. That fucking alternative, "Waa Waa..." crying, bitching about being fourteen kind of shit. People want to see real shit. People want to get up and be moved, man, they want a good time. People want **Van Halen**. You know? People want music that makes them drive their car real fast. People want music to pick up girls, and get kicked out of their house to. I think it's making a comeback, which is good for me, because I've been doing that music since people didn't like it. I've been doing Rock and Roll since I was twelve. Yeah.

SLUG: Thanks Derek.

Derek: Yeah man, nice talking to you.

SLUG: You too.

Derek: All right brother..

Now that you've read this do the following:

1. Drink a bottle of whiskey.
2. Rev the engine on your Camaro.
3. Cut off your mullet.
4. Crank the AC/DC (or B-Movie Rats)
5. Rock and Fucking Roll.

The Voodoo Glow Skulls

by Jamie Row

SLUG: I'm gonna throw this word association thing to ya.

JERRY: What are you, my shrink now?

SLUG: Yeah, gonna give you two words and you pick one. New School or Old School.

JERRY: Old school.

SLUG: Betty Page or Marilyn Monroe.

JERRY: Betty Page, cause I love the hair cut.

The Voodoo Glow Skulls formed as a quartet in 1988. After becoming popular in their local scene and adding a horn section in 1991, they released their debut *Firme* on Epitaph Records. Two ground-breaking albums followed: *Baile De Los Locos* in 1996, and *Band Geek Mafia* in 1998. After constant touring for almost a decade, the band took a break and then released *Symbolic* produced by Bad Religion member and Epitaph founder, Brett Gurewitz.

After the introductions and discussions about what drugs we were both on, I spoke to drummer Jerry O'Neill, and the interview was underway.

SLUG: What kind of impact did working with Brett Gurewitz have on the band and the new album?

JERRY: I didn't notice any type of impact, but I noticed the sound of the album is a lot cleaner and a lot less tinny. Brett's great to work with because he's a musician that knows how to produce a good band.

SLUG: What's your stance on the battle between old school and new school?

JERRY: I think everybody should just come together. Everybody should just listen to everything and there should be no labels and nothing should be separated. It's all for the kids anyway.

SLUG: What made you decide to do the Taco Bell commercial?

JERRY: They approached us. So, we figured 'what the hell'. I could always use the extra money because I like having people around me be happy. It's nice to be able to go buy some beer or have a barbecue or whatever as long as you can share it with friends.

SLUG: Which brings me to my next question... When does a band 'sell out'?

JERRY: That's a good question. What does make a band sell out? I think when a band change their entire style just to make money, that's selling out.

SLUG: Do you enjoy playing Salt Lake City?

JERRY: I love playing in Salt Lake City. I like the scene there. I saw that movie 'SLC Punk'. Is that pretty accurate to how it is there?

SLUG: Maybe in the 80's, but it's all just drugs, hair, and drama now.

JERRY: All the kids that come to our shows there are pretty cool. I figure you guys have a pretty good scene.

SLUG: What is your personal favorite VGS album?

JERRY: *Baile De Los Locos* because it's fast, out of control, and fun to play.

SLUG: What makes the whole thing worth while?

JERRY: Getting our music out there so the kids can hear it. Hear what we have to say and hopefully relate to it. I met a guy in Japan that told me he actually cried the first time he heard our music because it was so true.

SLUG: East Coast or West Coast.

JERRY: West Coast (duh).

SLUG: Sex Pistols or The Ramones.

JERRY: That's easy, The Ramones.

SLUG: Beef or Chicken.

JERRY: Beef, but I like chicken too. Gotta keep the balance.

SLUG: Jazz or Reggae.

JERRY: Ah, shit. That's a good question. It'd have to say... Reggae.

SLUG: Paper and Plastic.

JERRY: Paper. Everybody's gotta do their part and help out. Plastic's not a real good invention.

SLUG: Pabst Blue Ribbon or Heineken. JERRY: Pabst. (Yelled in right in my ear.) Heineken tastes too skunky.

SLUG: Left or Right. JERRY: Right. SLUG: Cartman or Kenny. JERRY: Cartman.

SLUG: Velma or Daphne. JERRY: In my younger days I'd go for Velma, now I'd say Daphne.

SLUG: One of us or one of them. JERRY: Let me think about that for a second One of us. Don't miss The Voodoo Glow Skulls playing The PUNK-O-RAMMA Show 10/2 @ Bricks!



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DEFINING AVAIL

BY JOSH SCHEUVERMAN

a vail (ə vāl): to be of use, advantage, or value. Have force of efficiency; serve help. To effective use in the achievement of a goal or objective. To benefit.

I met up with Avail along with Leatherface and Dillinger, taking refuge out of the sweltering heat in the basement of Brick's. Having just arrived from an all night drive from Boise the night before, they were having a late lunch, trying to find the rest of their beer, telling stories of airline debauchery starring a Scottish rugby team, Long Beach Dub All-stars and of course, Avail. I got to talk with Tim Barry about the past, future and the Presidency of the United States.

SLUG: You just finished up a Warped Tour last month and now on another national tour. Has this summer been pretty grueling?

TIM: Yeah, the Warped Tour was fun. We were on from Montreal to El Paso, TX. There was some fuckin' amazing bands this year. Although it's tough touring' in the van

without the cush bus. Waking' up at 7:30 covered in sweat, find a bathroom, walk around, play your show, walk around some more and then at 9 drive to the next show. We've been traveling for so many years like that; it would be a waste of money. I'd rather stay with my bros, it doesn't matter whether we play for 30 or 300, we still get down the same.

SLUG: You retired Jenny the old van, what's the name of the new (old airport shuttle)?

TIM: Jenny's gone, so now we have Kelly, which we bought for \$150, but runs like a champ.

SLUG: Where's the roots of Avail?

TIM: We all grew up in Reston, a suburb in northern Virginia but haven't lived there for 10 years. We all now live in Richmond, where we call home.

SLUG: Growing up, what was the first amazing show you saw?

TIM: The first show that blew me away was Slayer on the Reign of Blood Tour. Then I got turned on to the

punk scene and saw a lot of Bad Brains, Marshal Man, Dag Nasty, Grey Matter, tons of D.C. bands people don't hear much of; but there are too many good shows to mention.

SLUG: Your new record is on Fat Wreck Chords, what's your relationship to them and some words on your new album One Wrench?

TIM: Fat's a great record and people. We only sign one album contract at a time so there's no pressure and it made leaving Look Out not a problem. Fat's the backbone of Avail, but were entirely self managed. We've been doing

this so long that's just how we are. As for the record, I say it's the most aggressive we've put out so far, just dealing with what's going on around us right now.

SLUG: You're going to Europe again next month, what happened last time?

TIM: In Munich, Germany at a show, Lagwagon, Bouncing Souls and Avail got into a brawl with some enormous skin head security guards at the show. It was like 25 to 7, fought four at one time and lasted about 4.5 seconds. Beau ended up in the hospital; I ended up in jail. It was fun. So in October were going back over with Snapcase to Munich.

SLUG: Since the presidential elections are coming up this year, if Bush and Gore wrestled, who would win and why?

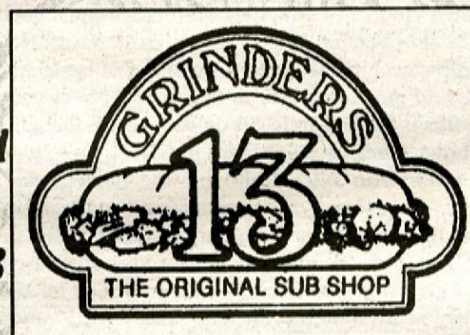
TIM: Bush would probably win because he has more money and would pay for a hit on Gore. Both are as far right as you can get, but hopefully they would beat the shit out of each other and Ralph Nadar would win by default.

SLUG: Future plans for Avail?

TIM: I think we'll tour for a year on this album over in Europe before we take a few months off. We've never toured through New Zealand.

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I remember the day I heard that **Big L** got shot. Strangely enough, I had been listening to a **Tony Touch** mix tape on the way to work. "The Enemy" came on and I bumped it, rewound it and bumped it again. When I walked into work, I received a call from one of my partners telling me the terrible news. I felt that it was kind of strange that I had been listening to a cat just a few moments before, on a mix-tape I hadn't played in two years and the next minute mourning him. What a loss. The first **Big L** lyrics that really caught me we're on the Showbiz and AG record *Runaway Slave* he said "I'm ruff as a metal pipe/fuck a benz/'cause I could pull skins on a pedal bike" and that was my shit right there. I walked around repeating that snippet of his verse for the rest of the summer. Recently, it seemed that **Big L** shined brighter and brighter on every cut he blessed. The full-length DITC shit was hot, and I realize that a lot of people never even knew about his first full length, but then again, people have been sleeping on **Lord Finesse** for even longer. Well, it's time to wake up. Now that **Rawkus** has made his name official to all you new cats, hopefully he will get some of the light he deserved in life.

The long awaited full length LP *The Big Picture* came out earlier this month. It shipped large, too. I heard it sold somewhere around 75,000 the first day. That's nice for a record that doesn't have a happy little radio single to support it. This record has very little socially redeeming content, and makes no apologies for itself. I don't have cable anymore so I don't even know if there's a video, but I hope that if there is one it gets played more than "Back That Ass Up". **Big L** was about as hip-hop as it gets these days. He embodied the old school elements of craft in his raps, even if the content was kind of basic, he could always spit lovely. He took his calling more and more seriously in the last couple of years and the practice he put in paid off. Evidence of this is the freestyle cut on the record, the aptly titled, *98 Freestyle* from the Stretch Armstrong Show. L begins his rhymes by saying he's "kinda of tired" and then proceeds to decimate the mike with ultra-liquid off the head flows. No bullshit, no fancy metaphors, just raw dog rapping. L's style has progressed so much since his first record, that he has set a new standard in just about every category of rap. His shit is hard and uncompromising, but witty and intricate at the same time. This record is not 100 percent perfect, but the gems on it shine brightly and I give it my vote for the best record so far this century. Its flaws lie in the re-release of previously heard material, such as "The Enemy" and "Ebonics". I mean, I like these songs, I just heard them on two other projects already. On top of that, there are a few too many guest appearances on the record. This has turned into the current trend in hip-hop, and I don't particularly care for it. **Big L** is an artist that should definitely be able to hold down the majority of the record on his own. This makes me to speculate on how many of the songs were cobbled together post-mortem like all that **Tupac** shit. Speaking of Mr. Shakur, he's got a duet with L on the record. It was surprising to hear them together, especially when L makes a Biggie reference, but I know it will please fans. The production on the record is very New York. We're not covering any new ground here, but it is solid and listenable. I like the "Son of Shaft" feel to




a lot of it. Production credits include, **Premiere**, **Show**, **Lord Finesse** and **Pete Rock**, so how can you go wrong? All the proceeds from the sales of this record go to support L's family so buy it and support and remember the dead.

Speaking of dead, **De La Soul** has finally lived up to the title of the second record. When I first heard the single "Ooh" I wasn't too impressed. Wow another cut with **Redman** as a guest. The B side "Foolin'" had some nice production and I got my hopes all up. When I got the record, *Art Official Intelligence: Mosaic Thump*, I was all excited. I put it in and we listened to it at work. Now, I didn't have a chance to specifically analyze all the lyrics in that context but the overall vibe of the record was kind of disappointing. The sound of this record is very far from the farther reaching earlier stuff. It sounds like they have lowered their own expectations and expect that their fans can support a diminished vision that panders to commercial validation. I guess they want to get a bunch of these cuts on the radio. As one of my CO-workers said "It sounds like everything else that's out right now." At first I was trying to disagree, because I really wanted to like it. I took it home and listened to it very carefully for a few days, finally I came to the same conclusion that my man had. Too many guests on the record make me think that cats are scared to go it themselves or that they are so lazy they only want to write a third of a song each time. The guests are somewhat diverse but they are trying to appeal to too many segments of their audience. Of all the guests, the hottest is **Indeed**. She blesses one of the hottest tracks on the record "Set the mood", the **Alcoholics** also make an appearance on "My Writes" which I like pretty well. The cut with the **Beastie Boys** is wak. I'm hell of tired of both **Redman** and **Busta Rhymes** so they lost me on those as well. The **Chaka Khan** song makes me glad to hear her voice, but this is another one of those trying to get on the radio songs.

One of the reasons that I don't like this record is that the creative bar has been set so high for this group. They set it this high for themselves, and when I see them fall short of the promise of a new innovative record that flies in the face of conventional hip-hop, it makes me extra disappointed. I'm not really trying to hear them be bitter at the industry that puts food in they mouth, either. All the **De La Elements** are here, the incising insightful wit, the fact that these cat enjoy working together and the obligatory skits. However, the skit on this record has a recurring theme and it's hella juvenile. The idea combines two of the things I mentioned before that I dislike, guest spots and complaining about the other artists in the industry. Leave the skits to Prince Paul, and it would be nice to see these artist work together again. It's a good combination, and neither party seems as fresh individually.

Time will tell what the end of summer will hold for us. Perhaps the most high will quit mocking us and allow some records to come out that are likable because they're good. Maybe the trendy suckers on the **Rawkus** bandwagon will take off the eko gear and leave hip-hop to the people who really love it. I'm looking forward to hearing the new **Outkast** and also waiting for the full length **Micranots** record entitled *Obelisk Movements*. I hope I don't have to hear anymore east coast anthem records, or west coast obscurities. The current west coast trend of a producer making a record with a couple of raps on it, sucks. I don't want to hear any type **DJ Shadow** shit. Hip-hop with no lyrics is just really slow jungle and you can keep that. As a post script, I'd like to extend encouragement to local acts. Send your demos to **SLUG** magazine, attention: **KD** if you want some feedback. I'd love to hear what's going on out there.

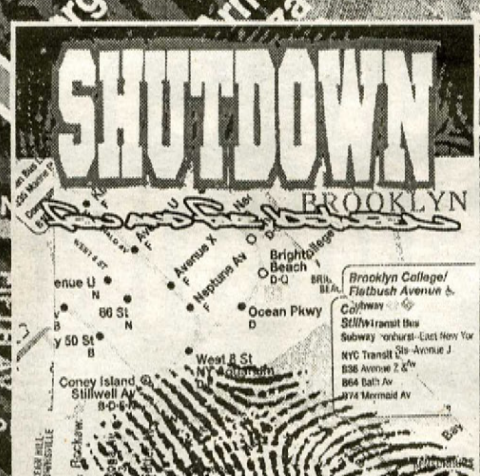
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SLUG MAGAZINE

From Beehive to Big Apple J. Majesty is Some Band

by Russel Daniels

It's almost like that time I got a professional lap dance on Time Square, emotionally charged, a relatively unknown secret, and oh so talented. While rummaging through some recent black and white proof sheets of the New York based but Salt Lake City reared, J. Majesty, tingling feelings ride up and down my spine. The many three in the morning nights spent bar hopping, with these four fine young men, around the Lower East side.

After years of paying individual dues to the Salt Lake music scene (*The Stella Brass*, *Myrrh*, *Glad birds*, *Lion Dub Station*, *Bad Yodelers*, *Make-shift*) career decisions to move to New York City brought these local homegrown gents together to form J. Majesty.

In the fall of 1997 Jimmy Kimball and JJ On The Sun (Jeffrey Johnson) left for the Big Apple. Jim soon filled an invitation to record his low end bass frequency with the up and coming *New Rising Suns* (ex *Texas is the Reason*) completing an EP for Capitol records. While JJ, wizard guitarist, continued to four track new material for various projects. After befriending Brooklyn local Dan Matz (Windsor for the Derby) Jim, JJ, and Matz began laying down tracks for a new experimental sound project under the name *The Birdwatcher*. Recording and performing in various experimental music venues. Soon enough Jamison Wilkins, a Utah native and percussive magician, was on the scene via Boise, ID. Uniting Jim, JJ, and Jamison back into previously existing

dub/prog rock trio called *Sleeping Pilot*, eager to record a new demo to shop around. Meanwhile, via San Francisco, Spanky Van Dyke, (from Utah),

stopped in Brooklyn to visit a mutual friend swapping current recordings with Jim and JJ. Inspired by what Spanky heard and a twist in fate, he moved to New York intending to fill a missing space in this replanted Utah trio.

Within months this new four piece band J. Majesty was booked with shows and studio dates all over the Lower East side and downtown Manhattan. After their third show at Brownies they had the makings of a promising record contract with Some records (check out J. Majesty at www.some.com), an East Coast indie, and where soon across the Hudson river in Hoboken, NJ at Upstart studios recording months worth of tracks and demos which later manifested into a full length album released in June 2000. A dynamic recording with a full spectrum of sounds influenced by years of listening to the likes of *Bad Brains*, *Neil Young*, late 80's *Talk*, *Yes*, *Lee Scratch Peery*... All the while they were soon on the road pumping out micro tours all over the right side of the lower forty-eight, rapidly widening their fan base and reputation.

During this new New York/East coast existence, these four young men were kindling an existing respect and relationships between SLC/NYC musical talents. Supporting and playing with *Jets to Brazil*, *Rival Schools United by Faith*, *Sergio Vega*, *Windsor for the Derby*, *The Birdwatcher*, *Glassjaw*, *Get up Kids*...(ex

members of *Quicksand*, *Helmet*, *Handsome*, *Jawbreaker*, *Texas is the Reason*, *Youth of Today*, *Gorilla Biscuit*) also playing and bringing in native Utah bands *Lion Dub Station*, *Matt Mateus*, *Utah Slim*, and *Vein Melter*. Deconstructing stereotyped urban myths about the people who live in this oddly shaped rectangle state of Utah.

"We are none competitive, we know

record, a roots rock split LP featuring 6 songs by *Cub Country*, a singer/songwriter debut by Utah native Jeremy Chatelain (*Jets to Brazil*, *Handsome*), and 6 songs by Utah Slim AKA Cache Tolman (*Rival Schools*, *Lion Dub*, *Iceburn*, *Civ*) both currently living in Park Slope, Brooklyn. Previous releases on Ear to Ground include *The Stella Brass*, *Utah Slim*, and *Sleeping Pilot* with future plans to release live recordings by *The Birdwatcher*, *Lion Dub Station*, *Streetwave* and *Matt Mateus*.

With one country wide tour under their wings this past summer (some of you might remember the vice busted J Majesty show at Kilby Court, which temporary closed Kilby's doors.) J. Majesty prepares for a West Coast rally supporting the ever impressing *Jets to Brazil* who just released, *Four Corner Night*, a very mature sophomore release on the ultra indie label Jade Tree.

One of the last times I saw J. Majesty in NYC was in a crowded Some records Christmas party, the ten remaining intoxicated music patrons stumbled down the frozen December streets of the Chelsea district to a late night S&M lounge. There were the

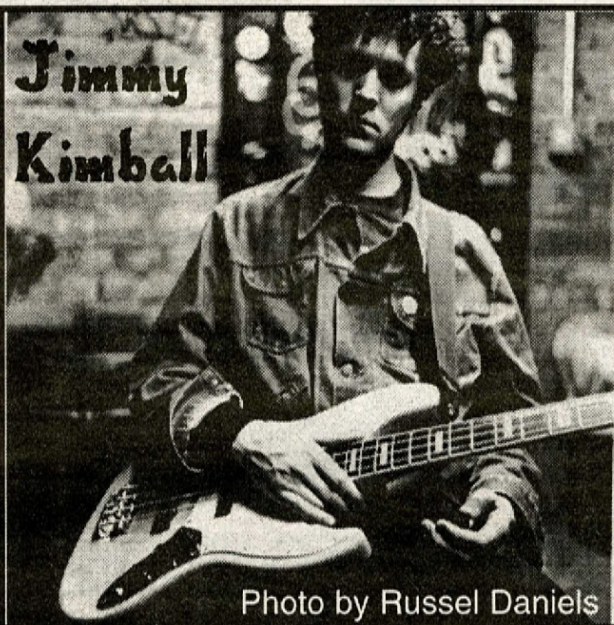


Photo by Russel Daniels

are purpose, and have set our goals," says Jimmy Kimball from his new Williamsburg, Brooklyn apartment, "and that's why we can play in and support these other bands. We know our main intent is J Majesty."

That's why Jim and JJ along with friends and partners Cache Tolman and Heather Sperberh are able to release new music on their independent record label Ear to Ground, founded in 1995 in Salt Lake City. Just finishing final production on their 5th

sounds of whips cracking and the moans and groans of hot wax being poured onto the naked torso of Spanky Van Dyke. In front of close friends, blindfolded and tied to two poles, he begged for more as this 30 dollar experience ran to an end.

Don't leave yourself hurting for the pleasure and pain of J. Majesty. They're playing, with *Jets to Brazil* and Salt Lake's premier power fusion combo *Vein Melter*, at Bricks Sept. 25.

Mayfest For a New Millennium

by Brian Staker

If you're like me, a graduate of our foremost state-run institute of higher learning, you might find yourself wondering every spring, at least momentarily, whatever happened to Mayfest? It used to be a real helluva party, with booths, food, and best of all, live music. Real musical groups too, besides just the perennial cornucopia of local bands. Bands the likes of *Fluid*, *Ride*, *Tupelo Chain Sex* (how did they get that past the administration?) and *Throwing Muses* all took the Union outdoor stage at one point or another. But what happened? Even after you graduated, or just left to join the ranks of the career-minded and non-educationally damaged, you could still join the coeds for the yearly party.

What happened was the fest was forced to move from May to September last year, when the University switched from quarters to the semester system.

"There's no school in May, and April is too rainy," explained Jenny Thomas of the ASUU Presenter's Office. Last year was poorly attended due to confusion about the change. This year is the 25th anniversary of the fest, however, and some special events are planned to make this Mayfest a memorable one,

Friday, September 7-8. Other local bands will also play over the course of the fest, including *Chola*, *The Given*, *Royal Bliss*, *Zach Parrish Blues Band*, *Salsa Brava*, and *NXNW winner Thirsty Alley*.

"It's mostly about music," says Thomas, but there are plenty of other attractions as well, including food from *Coffees Etc.*, *Dippin Dots*, *La Salsa*, *Maui Wowie*, the *Pie*, *Sage's Cafe*, and *Snowie*. Product demonstrations will be there from *Adrenaline Sports*, *Bead Sensations*, *Damselfly Frames*, *Elements of Health Massage Therapy*, *Essence of Elsewhere*, *Luv Sack*, *Original Way Gallery*, *Starfish Studio*, and other arts and crafts booths. Various student groups will be on hand, from *Aikido* to *Asian-American*, *Christian Ministry* to the *Green Party* to the *Pagan Student Association*. Non-profit orgs on hand include the *American Red Cross*, *Big Brothers/Big Sisters*, *Salt Lake Animal Services*, and the *Newman and Bennion Centers*. There'll also be a Family Fun Fest Saturday 1-5 at the Union Plaza.

Brian Watts, a senior at the U, has been going to Mayfest for four years, and it's an important part of the school year for him: "For me, it's always been a 'cut loose'

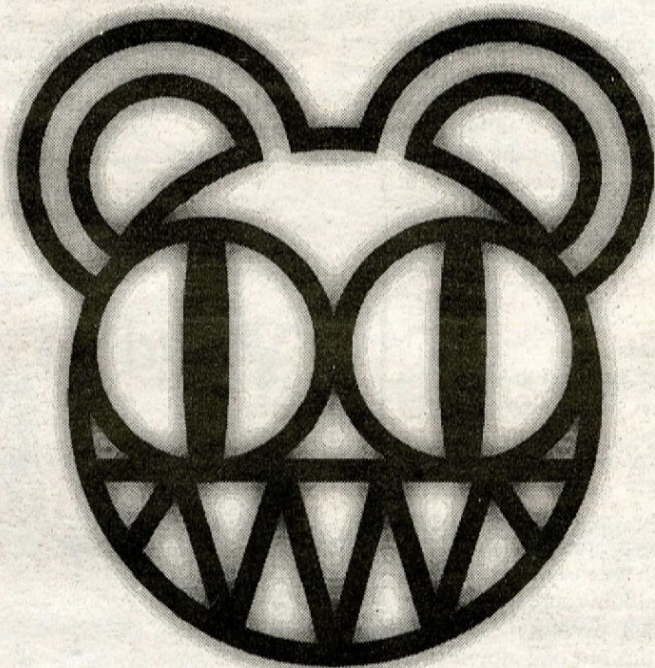
period when school was ending in May. It was all about wrapping up the school year. Last year when it changed to September people weren't too aware of it. But it's always been a party everyone can depend on. This year it's especially important, because it's our attempt to prove its validity after last year's lackluster Mayfest."

Thomas is enthusiastic about the fest this year. "We're just trying to make it a really great fest, to revitalize it. We've been working with other presentations, like *Tracy Chapman* and *Ladysmith Black Mambazo*. There's a coffeehouse with open mic poetry after *Built to Spill* on Thursday night. Students are enthused; we've had a huge publicity blitz on campus. It was necessary to move, but hard. With other events that week like *Modest Mouse*, it should be a great week for music."

Regarding the ongoing problem of holding a festival on University grounds that is open to the public, Thomas says "it's part of a festival to maintain a good level of enjoyment yet not let people go too far. We are prepared for security problems as any event should. We're confident it'll go smoothly. We've put a lot of work and good spirit around it."

One more thing: don't forget to look for the *SLUG MAGAZINE's* dunking booth at Mayfest. It may be your first and last chance to dunk a *SLUG* writer!

RADIOHEAD KID A



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**Samiam
Astray
(Hopeless Records)**

I can't help but think that if Samiam had left San Francisco and relocated to Seattle in the early nineties, they would have broken very big and everyone would be calling them sell outs right now. They didn't. Samiam did it the old fashioned way: they busted their asses. Ever since 1988 when the band formed, they've been on the go touring incessantly and attracting a large fan base all over America, Europe, and Japan. In 1990, Samiam released a 7" on Lookout records (Green Day's former label) and a self-titled album on New Red Archives. The very next year released *Soar* on the same label which was produced by Epitaph founder and long-time Bad Religion member Brett Gurewitz. That album did quite well. 1995 saw the release of *Clumsy* on Atlantic. Being on a major label proved to be near fatal for the fledgling band. In '96, Samiam was screwed by Atlantic and had to go through much legal bullshit to buy the rights to their own songs. In '98, they released the album *You Are Fucking Me Out* on Ignition Records. Although the label folded months later, *You Are Fucking Me Out* was Samiam's biggest selling album to date (What a middle finger for Atlantic). The irony of that is the fact that this album had little or no backing, indie or otherwise. Samiam's hard work and greivling touring schedule finally paid off. Word of mouth helped this band get where they are. The newest album, *Astray*, is very definitive of Samiam's signature sound. From the opening track to the last, this album is definatley worth a listen. High energy punk rock laced with melodic pop, exploding from the word go and not letting up. When I listened to this album I realized that it was highly reminiscent of the "Seattle sound" of the early 90's and yet I found myself tapping my toe from start to finish. I'm gonna keep this album in my collection. *Astray* is a must for the die-hard Samiam fan. If you've never heard of them, buy this album and check it out (with an open mind of course).

-Jaime Row

**Samiam
Astray
Hopeless Records**

With as much shit that this band has been through, it's a wonder that they are still together while continuing to craft progressively changing punk. Samiam are one of those old school bands that was blending punk with melody and incorporating a singer that could sing with intense passion. They released three albums and an EP before getting snatched up by major label Atlantic, who put out one album (that sold well) and then dropped them. It took the band three years to get the rights to put out their next album on a label that soon went belly up. The band licked its wounds and forged ahead by signing to Hopeless records and releasing the best album of their career. The music crafted by this five piece is heavy and noisy at parts and beautiful and atmospheric at others. Simply breath taking and definitely a triple thumbs

up. I encourage everyone to rush out and purchase this disc at any costs.

-Kevlar7

**The Vandals
Look What I Almost Stepped In
Nitro Records**

Good Jesus. The boys in the Vandals are quite possibly the funniest, most low-brow group of punkers left out there. The new album is so god damned musically adept that half of the smart-assed witticisms in the lyrics will fly right over your head. Good humor. Good album. Good night.

-Jeremy Cardenas

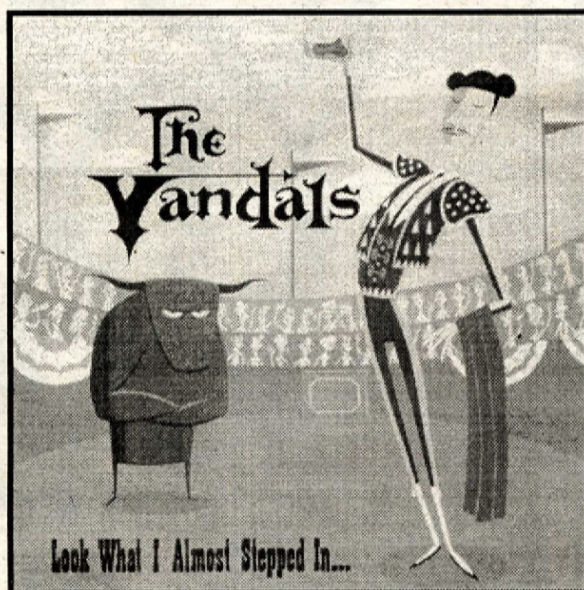
**The Vandals
Look What I Almost Stepped In
Nitro Records**

Ahhhhhh-shit!! The Vandals are back and funnier then ever!! This band has been around for so long that they have to rock out with walkers and canes. No; seriously, the were doing Pun Rock way before Blink 182 even had the balls to step up to a microphone and sing about poop and farts. Disagree? Check out The Vandals live and watch as Warren Fitzgerald strips down naked, climbs on top of a speaker, while singing about having a date. This new disc blazes and is one of their best ever. Less sloppy and tighter then their last two releases, *Look What I Almost Stepped In*, tickles the funny bone while rocking the head into banging. Track number one, *Behind the Music*, the best song on the disc, is a fine example of the terror and horror that awaits any band that wants to become rock stars. Old fans and new will love this kick ass disc from one of the finest and best of obnoxious punk.

-Kevlar7

**Rick Soderberg
The Book of Wata (The Fine Art of
Annoyance Without Irritation)
self-produced**

Ogdenite Soderberg, longtime collaborator of Bob Moss and the Luni Troupe, has written a huge number of poems and songs over the years, but his recent work has turned more towards these rantlike monologues. "Annoyan-ology" is supposedly some mystical science seemingly similar to pranks or practical jokes, supposedly leading to some kind of deeper level of insight or enlightenment. Soderberg, or "Fratr Hee 46degree" would have to explain, and try he does, it's a little murky to me. But it's mostly pretty good listening fun. "Town Cow," "Zen Koan," "Baby Books" and others sound like poems crossed with zen riddles read by a voice that is, as he claims, annoying yet not without its certain charm. Soderberg can oft be heard reciting these at Luni Troupe per-



formances. You have been warned.

-Brian Staker

**Grndntl Brnds
Communicating For Influence
Vaccination Records Co.**

I popped the Cd in, and a few seconds later, a voice yowling like Alanis Morissette on

crack ripped my eardrums. Then a few seconds after that, a lovely harmonic chorus soothed my frayed nerves. It was quite a shock. As I was coming out of the shock, I realized "I'm not wearing any pants." But that revelation has nothing to do with the CD. The NEXT thing I realized was "I love this CD, and my pants are on the roof." But we won't go into the roof story.

It's not pronounced "grintle brinds." It's "GrandNational Brands," spelled with no vowels (and minus one "n" but we won't go into that either). The band is great. Their sound is, at times, very chaotic and awkward, reminiscent of Radiohead's album "The Bends." Then about four songs in, the CD relaxes and becomes creamy and smooth. In fact, it reminds me of a chocolate bar covered with pop rocks. It is a delicious, multi-layered album, and you already own it. Access it in your pineal gland, using either meditation or some cccrrrrraaaaazzzyyyy drugs.

-Ryan Sessions

**Krakatoa
Channel Static Blackout
Second Nature Recordings**

Think screaming, angry death fucking metal band shouting out their anger of eternal hatred and insomnia; then add a few guitars and throw in a pinch of English-s p e a k i n g Rammstein, and you get Krakatoa! If you read along with the lyrics, then you feel their pain, if not, it just sounds like a bunch of dying giraffes. After five songs, you get a sixth song, "Broken Mirror", which is a three minute song with no lyrics; sounding almost like Eric Clapton in the sixteenth century. If you like death metal and screaming voices which you can't understand, Krakatoa is definitely for you!

-Linze Wallman

**Lefty
Lefty
Interscope Records**

The first person, or entity, or whatever, Lefty thanks on this album is God. Well, God emailed me today, and said that he thinks Lefty sounds like Elvis Costello at times, which is good. He then goes on to state that their major problem is that they suddenly switch gears and go pop-punk, which is disheartening to Him. He is tired of all the smart assed pop-punkers. He told me that Lefty shot the warm fuzzy that He had for them right out the window. God wished that people would stop emulating Blink-182. He let me in on a secret. He started the whole pop culture phenomenon with Green Day to get back at the Mr. T Experience for not thanking Him on their first album. God gets pissed when he doesn't get his props. Amen..

-God
(translated by:)
-Jeremy Cardenas

**Plea For Peace
S/T
Asian Man Records**

This compilation is basically a sample of the tour that will take seven bands around the world playing under the banner of peace for every individual regardless of race, sex, income class, sexual orientation, and ideals. A cease of hostilities, especially in America, and acceptance of people who are different. This is a great collection of different styles of music, heavy on punk, that has bands that almost none of you have ever heard of; but should. Some of the more well known bands on *Plea for Peace* are Blue

Meanies, Link 80, Alkaline Trio, Smoking Popes, Skankin' Pickle, and Fishbone front-man Angelo Moore. Still this disc showcases some of the best of up and coming bands that are fucking great, like Polysics; that use old keyboards with their schizophrenic punk sound. Honor System, great male/female blended vocals with a catchy punk background. And many others that would take to much space to mention. But in all, the disc has thirty tracks that will satisfy the musical addiction of any layman.

-Kevlar7

**Red Star Belgrade
Telescope
Checkered Past**

"You are so might and so high, I couldn't see you with a telescope." Thus begins this set of unabashedly alt-country songs. What is alt-country compared to good old fashioned country of, say, Conway Twitty, Dolly Parton, and others that graced your parents' hi-fi players and the dearly departed jukebox at Bill and Nada's? In the hands of RSB, they essay the same emotional themes of love and heartache with perhaps a newfound hipness and flipness, not taking heartache too serious-

ly, turning a breakup into a chance to do the two-step. Themes that might be self-conscious but aren't include odes to the infamous "Nixon Stamp" ("how do devils become angels?") and alt-country god fathers "Uncle Tupelo"—is there anything that could shout "we're alt country" more? Last, but not least, RSB join the late Tiny Tim in the ranks of those to cover

AC/DC's "Highway to Hell."

-Brian Staker

**AFI
The Art of Drowning
Nitro Records**

AFI (A Fire Inside) is not your average punk band. You have the signature East Bay Hardcore sound, similar to H2O. Then throw in Davey Havok's voice that's equally suited for whispering "Good night" in a baby's ear and screaming "Get yer lazy carcass out of the gutter" to a drunk bum the next morning. Also in the mix is recent addition. It's Jade Puget's edgy guitar work, which is shot through in classic rock riffs, paying respect to his roots. With a rythm section to kill (or die) for, composed of Hunter (bass) and Adam Carson (drums), the CD rounds out to what Havok calls "our most complete work."

-Ryan Sessions

**Voodoo Glow Skulls
Symbolic
Epitaph**

Is it just me or is the whole voodoo thing like, so three years ago? But really, voodoo this, voodoo that, it's getting old. These guys started twelve years ago, but released their first album, *Who Is? This Is* (Dr.Strange Records) in 1992, then made a new contract in 1993 with Epitaph, releasing *Firme* and *Firme* (en espanol) then *Baile De Los Locos*, or *Dance of The Crazy People* and *The Band Geek Mafia* in 1998. In many ways, this album is an electrified quest to find the true science of punk." It's a mix between ska and punk, showing each side of the concoction on this album. Full of trumpets and saxophones, this band has a unique twist on punk and ska. I really like these guys, and you should definitely check it out.

-Linze Wallman

**The Weakerthans
Left and Leaving
(Sub City/Hopeless)**

Once again, a band that credits work of mouth for the success. The Weakerthans was started in 97 by John Samson (formerly of Propagandi) when he wanted to take his music in a slightly different direction. Now, here they are, backing up their sophomore effort *Left and Leaving*. The band's first full length album *Fallow* won a shitgrip of awards from several magazine and radio stations all over America and Canada. On to the new album. *Left and Leaving* is really innovative, creating an odd mix of punk, country, and folk. I give credit where credit is due. The Weakerthans are a very talented band and although they are not quite my cup of tea, the new album is okay (as long as nobody catches you listening to it). I just couldn't get into it. I'll put it simply. *Left and Leaving* is nothing special. The only track on the album that grabbed me was *Aside*. Almost a punk anthem but not quite. If you are a fan of The Weakerthans, buy the album. If you are a depressed twenty-something in college, buy the album. I, personally, am going to disregard it.

—Jaime Row

Dead Empty Blame Luck, Blame Fate Cyclone Records

In this album sleeve, Dead Empty flaunts the fact that they can get a 24 oz. can of Pabst in their hometown of Reading PA. Well, I admit, I'm jealous. Whatever the reasoning behind Utahns not being able to do this is beyond me. The album was pretty average punk rockin' by my measuring stick. I liked the song 'Black Tar, Silver Spoon' because my favorite show used to be 'Silver Spoons'. Remember the episode where Ricky and Alphonso went hunting with dad? Remember how little Ricky just couldn't get the courage to pull the trigger on that trophy ten point buck? Remember how dad would play 'tickle' with Ricky and Alphonso when they got back to camp? It's no wonder Ricky ended up being a cop on NYPD Blue.

—Jeremy Cardenas

The Glands S/T Capricorn Records

This disc annoys the fuck out of me. I guess it was only a matter of time before some one would try to rip-off the Flammin' Lips and The Eels. Not even kidding, the quirky pop is so apparent that its disgusting. There are so many better bands that play this kind of music a hell ova lot better than these guys could muster. I know its really chick to try and imitate the Beatles, but give me a break guys! Listen for any of this discs songs to get rotated every hour, upon the hour, on your local shitty "alternative-pop" radio station.

—Kevlar7

Hepcat Push'n Shove Hellcat records

The minute I put this CD in, I was reminded of a Caribbean cruise. They blend reggae, ska, jazz and R&B together to get something very awesome! They've got a magnificent rhythm, which must be influenced by the real ska, back in the day. There's definitely a Muddy Waters and Bob Marley sound in there, which in my opinion are two great artists- the two of them combined kick ass! Hepcat tops 'em all with this album, you must hear this!

—Linze Wallman

Various Artists East Timor Benefit Album Idols of the Marketplace

I don't know a damned thing about East

Timor, but if you want to enlighten me, email SLUG. Anyway, this is a good album. If you can, or want to, get your hands on it, be prepared for the Kill Rock Stars compilation feel, but with a sense of humor. There is a great a capella cover of George Michael's 'I Want Your Sex' (In the bathroom, now, please.) by a band called Jailbait. Good album.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Billy Bacon and the Forbidden Pigs Pig Latin Triple X Records

This is some killer honky-tonk country with rockabilly and Mexican Hacienda influences mixed throughout. In fact, this is really a compilation of previous Tex-Mex style of songs from Billy's five older records with some new ones mixed in. This is a great disc to kick back on the patio while drinking margaritas on a warm summer day. Billy has a beautiful voice and sings with pure passion; mixing English with Spanish to make up some very humorous lyrics that make for great party drunken sing-a-longs. Not as rip roaring as other rockabilly artists; but a great relaxing and funny disc to chill out too. Purchase this one, pop the tops off the cerveza, invite over the senoritas, and light up the mota. Por Que? Ah; si senior.

—Kevlar7

Bubble How 'bout this? Basement Boy Records

I immediately think of Garbage. Pissed off little girlie with a raspy voice with a bunch of guys playing hard guitar. They certainly have the punk attitude, along with a raving

attitude with all of the glitter, but I don't think they really cut it. I'm not saying their bad at all, it's just that Garbage already did this whole gig! Share Ross, the lead singer and guitarist, who resembles Courtney Love, won Best Female Guitarist in 1999. After all, she's been playing for practically decades! She started off with Vixen, the 80's band. My recommendation? If you like Garbage, Bubble will float your boat; otherwise, I'd pop this bubble and blow a better one.

—Linze Wallman

Jezus Rides a Riksha # Flesh SIS Recordings

This five song EP by local favorites (to some) JRR is tough guy rock with a capitol 'T'. There are some very definite Tool and Deftones influences going on, but the vocals are definitely an original. In my opinion, a good drummer can make the difference between a 'good' and a 'great' band. I think Marvin Dixon is one hell of an ass kicking drummer. I won't stroke him, but he sounded a lot like he should be in Helmet or, if they were still together, Quicksand. Great drumming, and it holds this EP together for sure. Overall, the songs sounded kind of encapsulated and distant, almost a little too much polish to them for me, but I do think they hold a lot of promise. All in all, a big warm fuzzy for the local boys in JRR.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Gild Moonring Spinout Records

With a compilation of varying talents on this album, it treats possibly all ears to good music. Jennifer Jones, the lead vocalist, has a pretty voice and puts it to good use. Some of the songs are calm, lovemaking music, while other songs would be good to listen to while cleaning your kitchen or drink-

ing at a local coffee joint. Gild has got a great sound with a lot of good songs that are hits. They've got that clever alternative sound that is sure to tickle anyone's fancy.

—Linze Wallman

Rancid Rancid Hellcat/Epitaph Records

This, seriously, is one of the best albums I've ever received. I think Rancid has not only won me over, but kicked my ass as far as music goes. How much talent should one group be allowed to have? These songs are fast, tight, hard hitting, and full of the lyrical insight that Rancid is known for. The sonic onslaught is non-stop. Punk rock isn't dead, it's alive and well in this 22 song assault that Rancid is delivering to your doorstep.

—Jeremy Cardenas

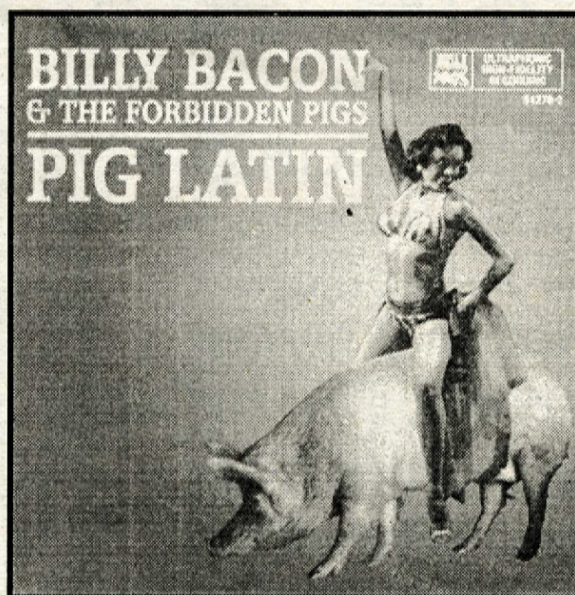
Elliot False Cathedrals Revelation Records

One of the most anticipated releases of the new year, False Cathedrals will amaze, surprise, and exceed any listener's (new or old) expectations. This disc is a complete departure from the bands first record, *U.S. Songs*. The guitars have been toned down, the bass comes on heavy and hits hard, while the addition of piano and atmospheric samples layer an extra depth to the band's twelve disc. t Chris Higdon's Lead vocals still dip and soar with majestic beauty and passion. For those who have never been exposed to Elliot, they are the finest example of epic indie rock; to put it simply, their music is to intelligent and well crafted for the mediocrity and stupidity of modern alternative pop radio. This is what Mozart would be crafting if he lived today and had access to electronic gear. Find out what true musicians sound like and get hooked by real sonic art. For old fans, expect something different, but hardly disappointing.

—Kevlar7

Chi Cheng The Bamboo Parachute Self released

Chi Cheng is a crazy fuckin' poet. He is also the bass slanger for the Deftones. But he aint gotta rely on those credentials to push his new spoken-word cd. In just over 28 minutes he drops enough knowledge to leave a glorified ape with an overgrown brain squirming pathetically on the couch wondering who pulled the rug out. There aint no preaching here though, and the stark imagery is utterly untainted with any ornamental trappings. What you get is Chi, his voice, and one half hour of his life laid out bare. With a savage subtlety he lures you in and mangles your



perception with a maniacal melange of mystic imagery. Half of the proceeds will go to charity. And you won't have to hurt yourself by trying to read anythang. Only available from the wesite, www.deftones.com

—Word shaker

Sum 41



Half Hour of Power Island Recordings

This album started out with such promise. The first song is titled, 'Take the Devil by the Horns and Fuck Him Up the Ass.' I thought I had a new favorite band, and then, boom! The pop-punk takes over. It's like a god damned plague. By song three the band may as well have changed their name to Blink-183, and sold their souls to Puff Daddy. Good start. Bad, Bad Ending.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Tibanna Brothers and Sisters Return Zero Records

Fresh and exciting epic rock from Portland Oregon. It's easy to see who influences this tight four piece: Shiner, Hum, National Skyline, and Failure. Outerspace-majestic-indie pop played to perfection and crafted with well done skill and integrity. These guys bang together some noise that has catchy progressions and rhythm changes that keep the average listener interested and engaged in the discs seven lengthy musical sagas. Fans of the aforementioned bands will really dig this. Check out the bands web page at HYPERLINK <http://www.Tibanna.com> and order yourself a copy; I guarantee complete satisfaction.

—Kevlar7

Chixdiggit From Scene to Shining Scene Honest Don's Deep Deep Pockets

Chixdiggit is Canada's greatest gift to America since Dan Akroyd. They write a pretty good album here. There are a lot of mellow songs about lovin' and leavin' and livin', but I would say this is good music for tipping back a bottle of 10 percent Labatt's and watching the Flyers.

—Jeremy Cardenas

The Delgados The Great Eastern Chemikal Underground

Just going by the name, the Delgados sounds like it might be some kind of rockabilly band, or roots-rock outfit. But they're actually an indie band from Glasgow, Scotland. Their latest release is a brooding yet exulting work, not without an influence from American alt-country sounds yet somehow rephrased in their own dialect. It's one that's not hard at all to decipher, though, on songs like "The Past That Suits You Best," and other songs of love gone wrong. "Accused of Stealing" shows that it's all about telling the story, laying the truth bare, much as that can be done. "Tell Me Your Confessions. Let me be the ears for all your sins. Let me take advantage of your whims. My life is no haven, have a feel. But it's worth saving, craving." As with the best stories, their songs show that confession can be a double-edged sword.

—Brian Staker

GET LUCKY

XXX

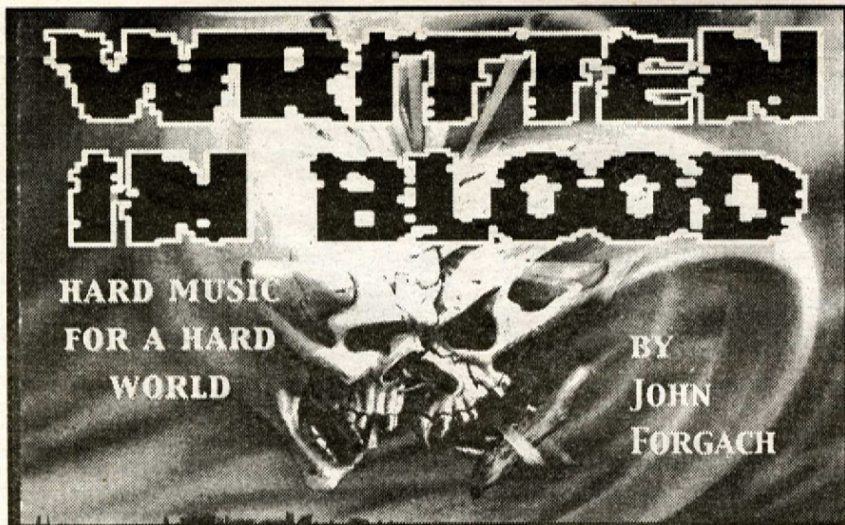
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WICKED WORLD : The Polish, death metal band, **Decapitated** is being touted as, "The World's Youngest Death Metal Warriors". Just when you think you have kids in line, they go and pull something like this. **WINDS OF CREATION**, the debut from Decapitated, will have you stuttering and stammering, "...but, but...they're just kids!?!". Don't let their youth fool you, these guys are good - real good. This band plays heavy, extreme, technical - death metal. It's rare that a release that is this heavy and over-the-top will hold my attention for long, but when the first playing of **WINDS OF CREATION** ended, I hit play again. Check out Decap.'s very cool cover of Slayer's, **Mandatory Suicide**.

METAL BLADE : What do you get when you cross the band **Trouble** with the band **King's X**? You get the band **Supershine**. This is a side project of Doug Pinnick (vocals + bass / King's X), Jerry Gaskill (drums / King's X), Bruce Franklin (guitar / Trouble) and Jeff Olsen (drums / Trouble). This

band features Doug's very distinctive voice and Bruce's heavy rock guitar style. Because two thirds of King's X was involved with Supershine, it comes as no surprise that some of the tracks sound as though they could have been King's X songs, while others sport more of a traditional, '70's rock sound. — The "most annoying" album of the month goes out to **Virus 7** with their release **SICK IN THE HEAD**. Over repetition of stupid-ass lyrics is a common theme permeating most of the tracks. How Hank Shermann and Bjarne T. Holm (both of **Mercyful Fate**) got involved with this is beyond comprehension. I would rather drag myself across a field of broken glass, then jump into a pool of lemonade, than listen to this. — **Spock's Beard** new release **V** is so damn good. I've never heard music from this band before, so their take on the whole prog. rock thing was totally new to me. Musically, the guys in this band come across as being somewhere between music nerds and music visionaries. I say "nerds" because of the widely varied sounds that are featured on **V**. The sounds coming from this release are far more complicated than anything that could possibly be expected from the average musician. "Visionaries" because of the ways they fit it all together from song writing to production. This album must have been a production "nightmare" - and I see it was produced by the band and Neal Morse (lead vocals, piano, all synths, acoustic guitar) - go figure.

KOCH RECORDS : I've got to say that I expected more from **Dee Snider**'s new release, **NEVER LET THE BASTARDS WEAR YOU DOWN**. I mean, he was in **Twisted Sister**, he's getting up there in age, I just thought that if he was going to bother releasing an album, that it would be a statement that demanded

attention. Instead, most of the songs are "light" metal in basic 4/4 time. I've never heard anything from his band **Widowmaker**, so maybe he's already made his "statement".

PAVEMENT : Hateplow, the side project of **Malevolent Creation**'s Phil Fasciana (guitar), Dave Culross (drums) and Rob Barrett (guitars) are releasing their second full-length release, **THE ONLY LAW IS SURVIVAL**. This album is fast, furious and brutal to the core. Culross's drumming performance once

again pushes the envelope of human capability. I'm telling you, Dave is hitting the snare drum so fast, that he sounds like one of those wind-up, drumming monkey toys. Just wind him up and watch him go!

BEYOND MUSIC : A new **Motley Crue** album titled, **NEW TATTOO**.... whatever.

ELECTRIC ELECTRIC : One of the best instrumental albums that I've heard in a long time is **Spastic Ink**'s 1997 re-issue of their debut, **INK COMPLETE**. This band features Ron Jarzombek (**Watchtower**) on guitar, his brother Bobby (**Riot / Halford**) on drums and Pete Perez (**Riot**) on bass. The unexpected and radical time changes of **INK COMPLETE** will require a neck brace, while the amazing technical play will require a brain brace. The follow up, **INK COMPATIBLE** is expected to be released late 2000 to early 2001. Check out Spastic Ink music clips at their website - www.spasticink.com.

PAVEMENT : Power metal rages on with **Metalium**'s second release, **STATE OF TRIUMPH**. While I'm not particularly into the anthemic side of the power metal spectrum, I would have to be blind not to recognize this release as extremely ambitious and superbly played.

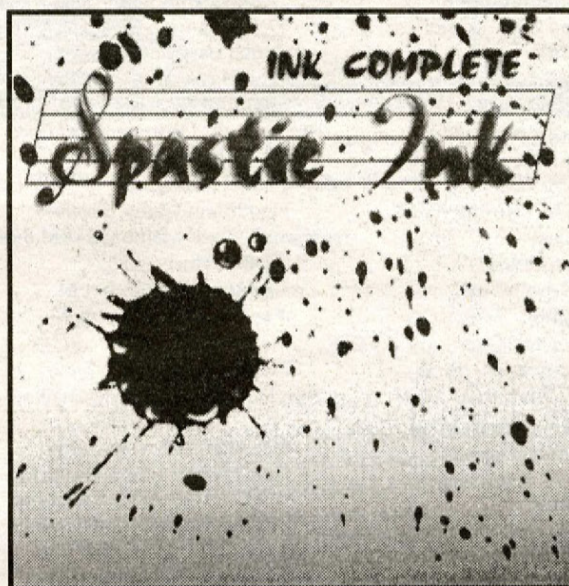
TRIPLE X : Stephen Percy was arguably one of the lamest members of the band **Ratt**, well, besides that rhythm guitarist that they had.

Stephen was better than him, but still, he was no Warren De Martini. Percy's new band **Vicious Delite** is heavy in a commercial, "have to be heavy to be relevant" sort of way. The music is o.k. for what it is, but sadly, Stephen has not discovered his post-Ratt version of Warren De Martini. I was probably in the tenth grade at the pinnacle of Ratt's career. Warren was a true guitar, gunslinger back then. Now, Warren's probably just some old guy. Damn it, if I was in the tenth grade back when Ratt was "big", then that means that I'm some old guy. Crap! — There's another release this month from Stephen Percy, **BEFORE AND LAUGHTER**. This album comes from Stephen's personal collection of original and un-released versions of songs dating back to 1978.

NECROPOLIS : 1997 witnessed the formation of the band **Serpent Obscene**. The year 2000 will be devastated as their debut, self-titled release rears its ugly head. Death / thrash is what this band is good at, and death / thrash is what they do.

NUCLEAR BLAST : Peter Tagtgren and his crew of two (Mikael Hedlund - bass / Lars Szoke - drums) have emerged from Tagtgren's Abyss studio to release **Hypocrisy**'s, **INTO THE ABYSS**. As he usually does, Peter stripped down the production of **INTO THE ABYSS**, giving the recording a raw sense of urgency. The tracks of this release infuse melody into an

extreme, death metal construct. — The band **Opprobrium** started out in Brazil in 1986 as the band **Incubus**. Unfortunately for this band, an American band of the same name had enough brain power to trademark the name (got that bands? Not a patent. Not a copyright. A trademark)and the story contin-



ues..... Opprobrium, forming back in 1986, probably should have released their latest album, **DISCERNING FORCES** back in 1986 as well. This release comes off as an inferior **BENEATH THE REMAINS** (Sepultura), so if it had been out some time before 1989, it

would have had more of an impact on me.

ROADRUNNER : Does one person make a band? According to **Soulfly**'s bio photo, one person is plenty if it's Max Cavalera. Max is back with Marcelo D. Rapp on bass from the debut, self-titled **Soulfly** release. Max recruited Mikey Doling (guitar) and Joe Nunez (drums) for the recording of their latest, **PRIMITIVE**. As the title would somewhat suggest, Max is not yet done milking the "primitive - tribal" sound for all it's worth. According to Max, experimentation was an important part of **PRIMITIVE**, and with that information, check out Soulfly as the Brazilian version of **Limp Bisquick** on track four, "Jumpdafuckup". While the highly coveted Fred Durst (**Limp Bizkit**) didn't make a guest appearance on **PRIMITIVE** as he did on the debut, musicians from **Slipknot**, **Deftones**, **Slayer** and even **Julian Lennon** got involved with the latest album.

VICTORY : **PURA VIDA** is **OS101**'s (Old School 101) follow-up to their album, **UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF SCENESTERS**. I've read various hardcore / punk music reviewers denouncing the prevalence of metal in hardcore and punk music these days. While I welcome the cross-over elements of the different styles, I think OS101 would be appreciated the most by traditional hardcore enthusiasts. Punks sounds, ideals and the pursuit of fun are what OS101 is all about.

EPITAPH : On the other end of the hardcore sound, we have the band **Madball** with their new album **HOLD IT DOWN**. While realizing time changes everything, this band embraces the infusion of metallic elements into their hardcore style. Madball is truly at the top of the New York, thug style of the hardcore scene.

EARACHE : **YOUR VISION WAS NEVER MINE TO SHARE** is the latest from **Misery Loves Co.**. The core of the band,

Patrik Wiren (vocals) and Orjan Ornkloo (guitar / bass / programming) are joined by Olle Dahlstedt on drums and Michael Hahne (guitar) appears on a couple of tracks. The Misery sound has expanded on the dark, moody under-current that has always existed in their music. This time around, the songs aren't nearly as frantically heavy as the tracks of earlier releases, but they are still good.



Daily Calendar

Tuesday, September 5
Spike and Mike's Sick and Twisted-
Brewvies

(will run daily through the 21'st)

Seven Nations- Zephyr

Tinfed- Liquid Joe

Wednesday, September 6

Audacity and The Organization-
Ya'Buts

Ian Pooley- Club Axis

Fistful- Dead Goat

Deadbolt, Unlucky Boys- Burts

Jeffrey Gaines and Tracy Chapman-
Kingsbury Hall

Burning Spear & His Burning Band-
Zephyr

Burner- Getty's

Thursday, September 7

Kingdoms Falling- Ya'Buts

Gearl Jam- Dead Goat

Deadbolt, Unlucky Boys- Burts

Ian Pooley- Club Axis

Split Lip Rayfield- Liquid Joe's

Andy Griggs- The Westerner

Burning Spear & His Burning Band-
Zephyr

Mayfest 2000 feat. Built To Spill-
U of U

Friday, September 8

The Paladins- Zephyr

Doublewide- Burt's

The Haywoods- Dead Goat

Five Minute Major w/ Maladjusted-
Ya'Buts

764-Hero, Modest Mouse, and The

Shins- Brick's

Man or Astroman- Liquid Joe's

Air Supply- State Fair Park

The Common Groud w/ Pure Grain-
Getty's

Deke Dickerson and the Ecofonics -
ABG's

Mayfest 2000 - Uof U

Saturday, September 9

Unsound Mind- Ya'Buts

Zach Parrish Blues Band- Dead Goat

Maladjusted- Burts

Anniversary, Koufax, & The Get Up
Kids- DV8

Chola- Zephyr

Moby- Kingsbury Hall

Def Leppard- State Fair

Nova Paradiso- Getty's

The Haywoods - ABG's

Sunday, September 10

The Starlight Drifters- Dead Goat

Highball Train - Burts

John Michael Montgomery- State Fair

Floodplain Gang- Zephyr

Ladysmith Black Mambazo -Red Butte

Off Balance - Kilby Ct.

Monday, September 11

Pig Iron and Jack Straw-

J.B. Mulligans

Plug-Spark-Sange - Burts

Ron Hacker and the Hacksaws-

Dead Goat

Lila McCann- State Fair

Massive Overload and Dub 142-

Zephyr

Brandston w/ Favez & Pictures Can

Tell - Kilby Ct.

Tuesday, September 12

Plug Spark Sanjay w/ Small Brown

Bike,J-Majesty & Fumamos - Kilby

Ct.

At The Drive-In- DV8

Rick Springfield- Utah State Fair

Sister 7- Zephyr

Wednesday, September 13

Casa Diablo - Burts

Blue Ribbon Boys- Dead Goat

Lonestar- State Fair

Hairy Apes BMX- Zephyr

MAI- Getty's

Thursday, September 14

Kung Fu Grip - Burts

Mile Marker 16- Zephyr

Terrance Hansen- Dead Goat

Ronnie Milsap- State Fair

Friday, September 15

Usual Suspects- Ya'Buts

Sweep The Leg Johnny w/ Form of

Rocket & 2 O'Clock Nation - Kilby
Ct.

Erosion w/ One Size Fits Most -
Burts

Jackpot and the Trigger Locks-
Zephyr

The Jay Johnson Band- Dead Goat

No Authority & Youngstown-

State Fair

Thirsty Alley w/ Lovesucker- Getty's

Saturday, September 16

Likwid- Dead Goat

Primates - Burts

Chris Duarte Group-

Galivan Utah Center

Terri Clark- State Fair

Runaway Truck Ramp- Zephyr

Maladjusted- Getty's

Sunday, September 17

Off Balance - Kilby Ct.

Swingin' Sundays- Dead Goat

Montgomery Gentry- State Fair

Gov't Mule- Zephyr

Highball Train - Burt's

Monday, September 18

Link 80 w/ SkepticTank - Kilby Ct.

Freedom Funk Ensemble-

J.B. Mulligans

Long John Hunter- Dead Goat

Hostile Omish -Burt's

The Kingdom and Dub 142- Zephyr

John Pizzarelli- Hilton Hotel

Tuesday, September 19

Get Hustle, w/ 2 O'Clock Nation &

The Gloria Record- Kilby Ct.

Erosion- Zephyr

Pig Iron and Jack Straw-

J.B. Mulligans

Wednesday, September 20

Spleen - Burts

Janes Shook- Zephyr

Up Yer Sleeve- Dead Goat

face to face and Sum 41- DV8

Five Minute Major- Getty's

Thursday, September 21

Gearl Jam- Dead Goat

Dear Nora w/ Jenny Jensens & Office
Party - Burts

Grooveberry Jam- Zephyr

Spike and Mike's Sick and Twisted-
Brewvies (last day)

Five Minute Major w/ Maladjusted-
Kamikazies

Friday, September 22

Optimist Prime- Ya'Buts

In-Effect - Burts

The Given- Zephyr

Mudpuddle- Dead Goat

Judith Edelman Band-

University Of Utah

After Eden- Getty's

Saturday, September 23

Red Bennies, Archie Crisis, and

Alchemy- Ya'Buts

Fistfull w/ Super Buicks- Burts

The Given- Zephyr

Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues

Band- Dead Goat

Sunday, September 24

Made For T.V. Movie w/ Off Balance

& Optimus Prime - Kilby Ct.

In Effect- Zephyr

Swingin' Sundays- Dead Goat

Unsound Mind- Getty's

High Ball Train - Burt's

Monday, September 25

Eco - Burts

G13 and Dab 142- Zephyr

Rusty Zinn- Dead Goat

Robert Walters 20th Congress-

J.B. Mulligans

Walter Trout & The Free Radicals-

Dead Goat

Tuesday, September 26

7 Seconds, Botch, Union 13, Death By

Stereo- Area 51

Pezz w/ Sixshot & Fucktards -

Kilby Ct.

Unlucky Boys- Zephyr
Robert Walters 20th Congress- J.B.
Mulligans

Wednesday, September 27

St. Ryan's Lament and Spleen-

Ya'Buts

Nada Surf- Zephyr

Le Tigre (ex-Bikini Kill, Jenny

Jensons, Fumamos) - Kilby Ct.

Scrotum Poles - Burts

American Steel, Mr. T Experience,

and The Eyeliners- DV8

Thursday, September 28

Slapdown- Zephyr

Fiver w/ Earimert & Erosion-

Kilby Ct.

440 w/ The Drunks - Burts

Fore Easy Payments- Dead Goat

Friday, September 29

Primates - Burts

Disco Dridders- Zephyr

Lori Lynner, Lisa Marie and the Co-

Dependents- Dead Goat

Voo Doo Carpet- w/ Fade- Getty's

Saturday, September 30

Art show, huge Guitorchestra, Alex

Caldiero,

and other stuff too- Kilby Court

Goldfinger- Utah State Fairpark

Disco Dridders- Zephyr

The Clots- Dead Goat

Everclear- X96 Radio Festival

Fistfull w/ Thirsty Alley- Getty's

Sunday, October 1

Sell your CD collection- It's time to

pay the rent

Monday, October 2

"PunkOramaTour" Agnostic Front,

All, Voodoo Glow Skulls and Straight

Faced - Brick's

Rugburn - Burt's

Tuesday, October 3

Bright Eyes- Kilby Court

Wednesday, October 4

Greg Brown- Kingsbury Hall

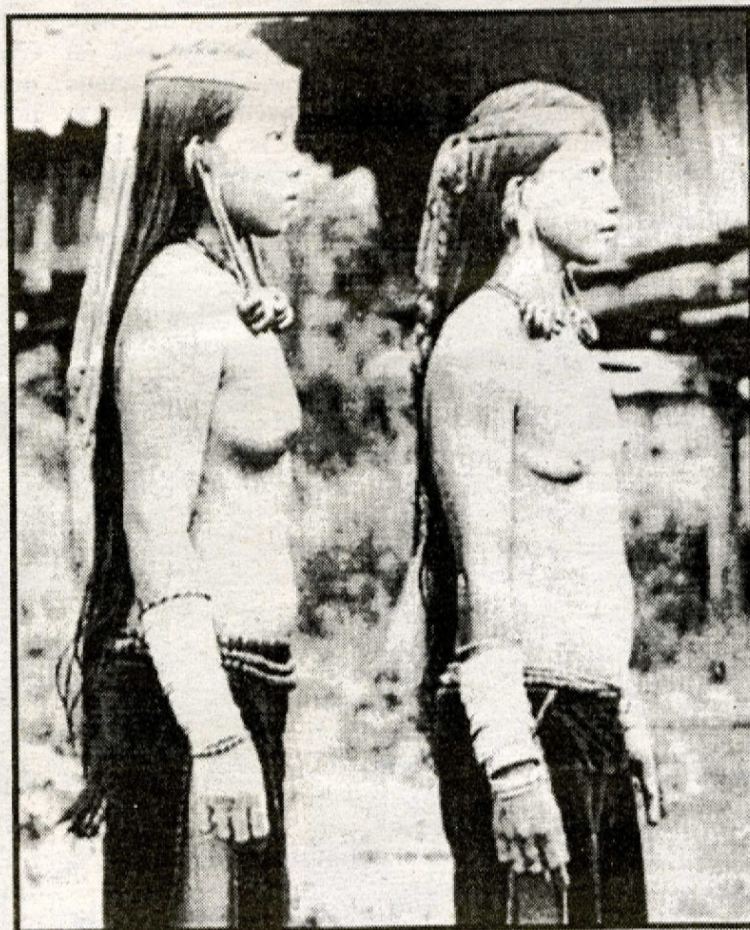
Thursday, October 5

Tahiti 80- Zephyr

Bright Eyes- kilby Ct.

Sun House Healers- Burt's

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Accept *I'm a Rebel*

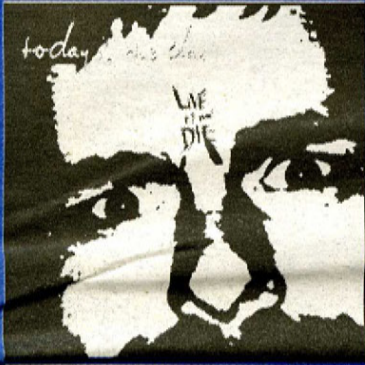
Going all the way back to 1980 and bringing it into the 21st century! The classic album *I'm a Rebel* with Udo Dirkschneider and crew. Powerful metal hymns that are the formation of many of today's scenes bands. Repackaged and remastered in a limited digipack.



V/A A Tribute to Judas Priest Vol. 2: *Delivering the Goods*

The second edition of this tribute to one of metal's classic bands featuring versions from the likes of Saxon, Blind Guardian and Forbidden, as well as lyrics and a complete band discography.

Release date is 9/5/00



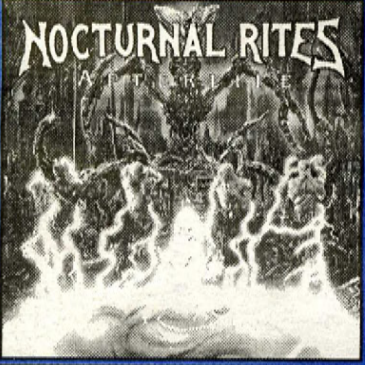
Today Is the Day *Live Till You Die*

Live Till You Die allows for a delve into the flipside of **Today Is the Day's** monumental studio recordings, providing a rare glimpse of the band's lighthearted leanings as well as a dead stare into its vicious, venomous live assaults. Live for "The Rock"!



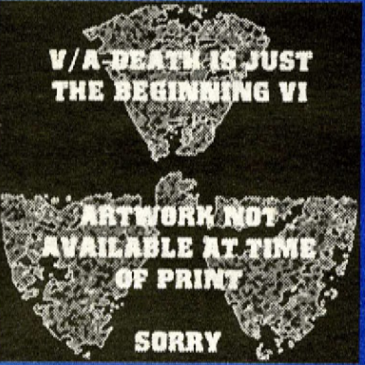
Nile *Black Seeds Of Vengeance*

Black Seeds of Vengeance is a monumental testimony of power that presents Nile's fury in an even more epic, brutal and profound light. Find refuge while the living still outnumber the dead.



Nocturnal Rites *Afterlife*

A heroic journey through the golden halls of Anglo-Germanic heavy metal. If you crave the epic/melodic side of traditional heavy metal, you need to hear this.



V/A *Death Is Just the Beginning Vol. 6*

As the newest in a series of brutal Nuclear Blast compilations, *Death Is Just the Beginning 6* will destroy you! Featuring tracks from: Kataklysm, Destruction, In Flames, Sinergy, Hypocrisy, The Black League, Night In Gales, Therion, Stratovarious, Sinner, and more.



Gardenian *Sindustries*

An explosive new album from one of the most innovative melodic thrash bands on the market today. Featuring ex-members of **IN-Flames**, *Sindustries* will pick you up and not let you drop until it's done mangling your mind. Not to be missed!



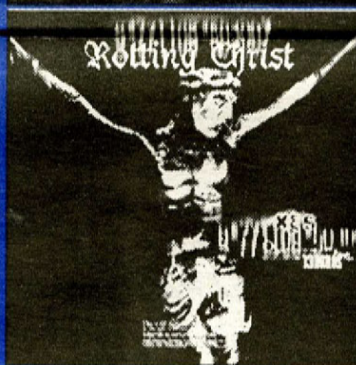
Garden of Shadows *Oracle Moon*

Maryland's **Garden of Shadows** boldly redefine the boundaries of progressive death metal with a sound that is intricate yet epic, brutal yet anthemic. With a massive twin guitar assault, ethereal keyboards, and demonic vocals exploring cosmic territories, **Garden of Shadows** paint brilliant and technical sonic landscapes that challenge the ear and the mind.



Napalm Death *Leaders Not Followers*

England's masters of grinding death return with this CD ep of raging covers of influential classics!



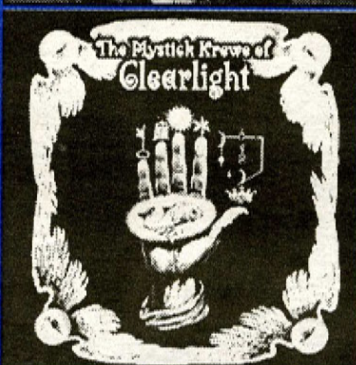
Rotting Christ *Khronos*

This, the latest release from the premiere Greek metal band, it's a return to their dark and primal roots.



Pissing Razors *Fields of Disbelief*

Thirteen tracks of venomous brutality filled with machine gun riffs, monumental hooks and slaughtering drumbeats create the Razor's best and most diverse album yet. Produced by Razor drummer, Eddy Garcia and Sterling Winfield (Pantera).

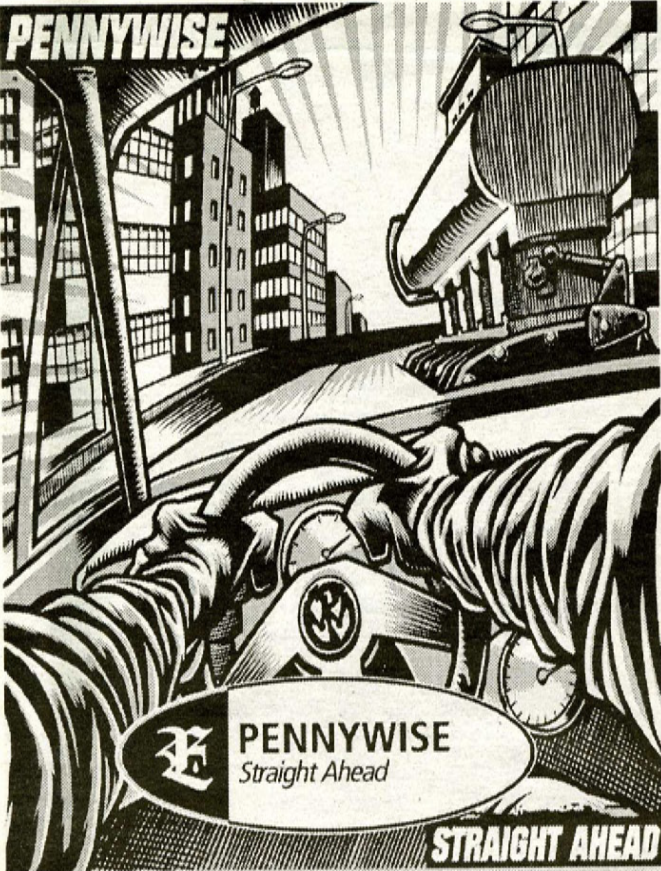


The Mystick Krewe of Clearlight

Led by the founders of **Eyehategod**, Jimmy Bower and Joey LeCaze, Clearlight takes you on a sludge/doom-inspired jam-a-thon. Sprinkle that with a little New Orleans street music, to produce a heavy instrumental gumbo. Hammond, twin guitar leads, drum solos, everything you want in a jam.

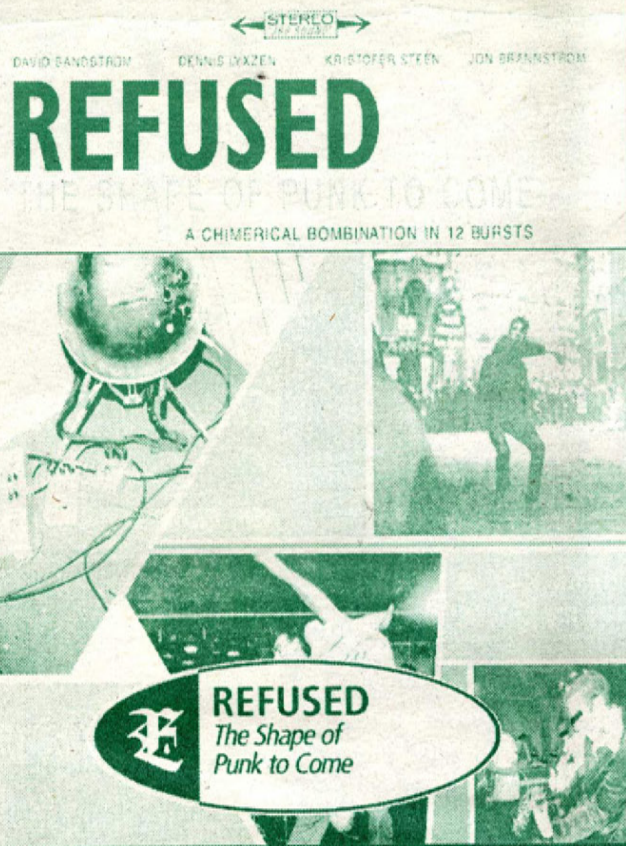


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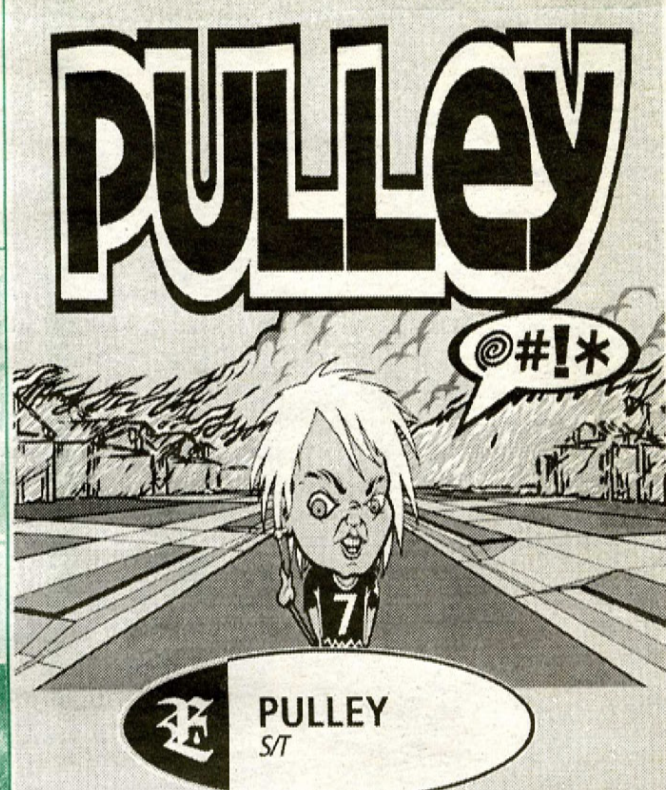


PENNYWISE
Straight Ahead

STRAIGHT AHEAD



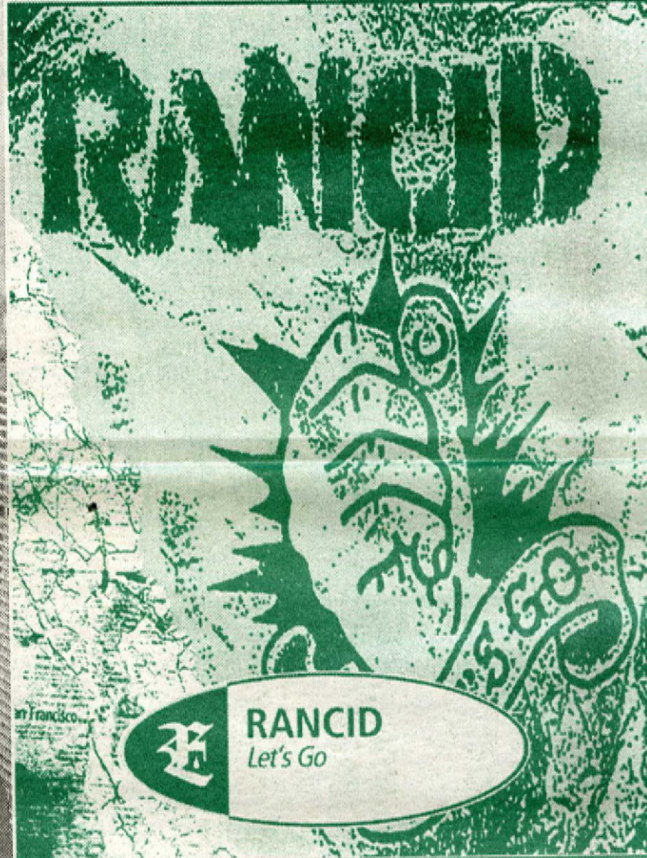
REFUSED
The Shape of Punk to Come



PULLEY
S/T



H2O
F.T.T.W.



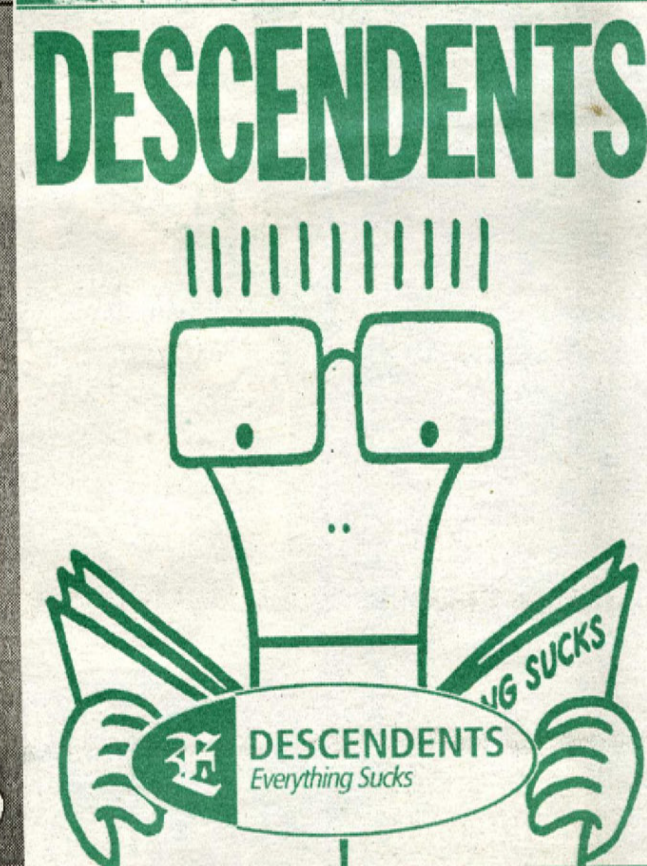
RANCID
Let's Go



BAD RELIGION
All Ages



VGS
Firme



DESCENDENTS
Everything Sucks



THE BOUNCING SOULS
Hopeless Romantic